

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 69, Vol. 3.

February 21, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

THE BUDGET.

IT is always a bold experiment for a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to look beyond the income and expenditure of the year immediately before him. Ordinarily, he is not expected to do so; but if he ventures to promise the discontinuance of a particular tax after the expiration of a limited term of years, he is bound to show that his calculations are so made as to put it in the power of a future Parliament to grant the remission which he has taught the country to expect. Twice within the last few years has the prospect of a future abandonment of the Income-tax been held out to us—first by Mr. GLADSTONE in 1853, and now again by Sir C. LEWIS in the Budget which he has presented to the House. Both Chancellors of the Exchequer, in taking this course, accepted the corresponding responsibility of showing that, in the absence of unforeseen events, it would be possible for Parliament, should it continue in the same mind, to give up the tax at the end of the limited term for which they proposed to enact it. The essential difference between the schemes of 1853 and 1857, so far as the Income-tax is concerned, is that Mr. GLADSTONE did prove the feasibility of surrendering the tax in 1860, but that Sir C. LEWIS has not done so. We may go a step further, and say that the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has not only failed to show that the Income-tax can be dispensed with after the term of three years, but has actually proved by his own figures that, in order to provide for an expenditure on the scale proposed, he will require a permanent tax or taxes, almost equal in amount to the so-called war ninepence which he has taken to himself so much credit for remitting.

The principle of Mr. GLADSTONE's famous Budget was, that the Income-tax should be treated as an engine of enormous power, to be used as a temporary resource to meet extraordinary emergencies—that provision should be made for its termination at a definite period—and that it should be associated, as it had been on its introduction by Sir ROBERT PEEL, with those remissions of indirect taxation which constitute the Free-trade policy under which the trade of the country, both before and since 1857, has flourished to an extent beyond example, and even beyond expectation. By sober calculations it was shown that, if no extraordinary demands should swell the national expenditure, the year 1860 might see the end of the obnoxious tax without the necessity for substituting any other burden. The keenest critics of the Opposition were unable to detect a flaw in the calculations; and subsequent experience has proved that, but for the Russian war, Mr. GLADSTONE's expectations would have been literally fulfilled. The war has intervened, and a new adjustment is called for. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, in obedience to the popular cry, has promised both an immediate reduction of the percentage, and a final abolition of the Income-tax at the time originally proposed. Such promises have of course no binding force upon the Legislature, and it did not need the long disquisition of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to prove that, in the strict sense of the term, the arrangement of 1853 could not be regarded as a Parliamentary compact. But it was something better than a compact; for though it might not bind the conscience of Parliament, it put it in the power of the House of Commons to grant the desired remission without endangering the finances of the country. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS adopts the principle that the Income-tax shall be called a temporary resource, but, instead of combining it with a new step in the direction of Free Trade, he checks the advance already resolved on; and what is a still more fatal error, his proposal for the cessation of the tax is utterly incompatible with the expenditure which he still considers necessary to be in-

curred. He asks the House of Commons to limit the duration of the impost, and at the same time to vote estimates on a scale which can only be continued either by making the Income-tax a permanent burden, or by undoing the great work of the last sixteen years, and recurring to the exploded Protectionist system of a multitude of harassing duties on articles of universal consumption.

If our readers will endure the infliction of a few figures, they will see that the termination of the Income-tax in 1860—assuming the continuance of the rate of expenditure now proposed—is a mere delusive promise which Sir C. LEWIS, in the improbable event of his enjoying his present position so long, would be altogether unable to perform. Considering, for the purpose of a rough estimate, only the large variations in the national balance-sheet which the reduction of the Income-tax and the payment of the war debt will occasion, the prospects of future years may be seen at a glance. One-half only of the remission of the nine-penny rate will be felt in the coming year, and the whole proceeds of the tax, at 1,000,000*l.* for every penny in the pound, will therefore be 11,500,000*l.* In 1858-9, the scale of sevenpence in the pound will be in full operation, and the receipts may therefore be put at 7,000,000*l.* The revenue will thus be reduced by 4,500,000*l.* below the estimate for 1857-8. There will at the same time be an increase of liability for repayment of capital of the war loans, to the amount of more than 1,000,000*l.* Altogether, the available income of 1858-9 will fall short of that estimated for 1857-8 by a sum of between 5,000,000*l.* and 6,000,000*l.*

Neither the revenue nor the liabilities will undergo any very considerable change in 1859-60, and the funds out of which the current expenditure must be met will be about 6,000,000*l.* short of the income of 1857-8. In 1860-1 the Income-tax will expire, but the produce of the previous half-year will remain to be collected, so that the additional loss on this account will not be more than about 3,500,000*l.* A relief to the extent of upwards of 2,000,000*l.* will be felt at the same time from the falling in of the Long Annuities, and there will also be a further saving of 1,000,000*l.* on the amount of Exchequer bonds repayable, as compared with the outlay on this head in the previous year. Altogether, the best that can be said for 1860-1 is, that the revenue will not be very much below the insufficient amount of 1859-60. Finally, in 1861-2, there will remain nothing more to be received from the Income-tax, according to the present understanding; and, on the other hand, the liabilities will undergo a further reduction of 1,000,000*l.* in the item of Exchequer bonds, which by that time will have been all paid off. The balance available for expenditure will therefore be reduced, in consequence of these changes, by 2,500,000*l.*, and will be more than 8,000,000*l.* below that of the year on which we are now about to enter.

If we had desired to be minutely accurate, we must have taken into account the progressive reductions of the tea and sugar duties, and the gradual diminution of the annual charge for the interest on the debt; but these items, though considerable, are small compared with those which we have mentioned, and to some extent balance one another. Any one who is at the pains to make the calculation will find that, after every allowance, the substantial result is that which we have arrived at. Starting from a respectable estimated surplus in 1857-8, sufficient, perhaps, to cover ordinary contingencies, we have a growing loss to the revenue, beginning at 5,000,000*l.* in 1858-9, and ending with 8,000,000*l.* in 1861-2. How is this to be met? It must be either by juggling with the country and continuing the Income-tax, or by imposing Protectionist taxes, or by reducing the expenditure of the country. Whatever another Government might be allowed to do, the present Ministry, at any rate, will not be suffered to renew a tax which it has pledged itself

to find the means of remitting. The retrograde policy of re-imposing the Customs duties which we have struggled so hard to shake off, is not to be thought of. The reduction of the estimates is the only course which remains; and as we are now in the second year of peace, with our arsenals superabundantly supplied, the Government can have no pretence for saying that the expenditure of the present year ought to exceed by 8,000,000*l.* the amount to which, on their own hypothesis, they will be restricted, a few years hence. If a further reduction of the estimates for the present year is not possible, neither will it be possible to effect the necessary saving in the four following years; and on this supposition the Government has no justification for the relinquishment of the greater portion of the tax. If the Income-tax is really to end in 1860, the reduction of the national expenditure ought to begin at once. It is not for us to pronounce whether this is practicable or not. But if the debate should lead to a revision of the estimates, what is to be said of a Government which first deliberately prepared military and naval estimates to the amount of 25,000,000*l.*—then cut them down by 6,000,000*l.*, or 7,000,000*l.*, in obedience to agitation out of doors—and then finds the way to make a further large reduction at the bidding of the House of Commons? It is clear that the Budget cannot stand as it is; and Ministers must either confess to a needless excess of many millions in their original estimates, or must acknowledge that they were never in earnest in proposing to abandon the Income-tax as a permanent part of our financial system.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THERE is some reason to fear that the many points of detail with which the Chinese question is complicated may give to the debate on Lord DERBY'S motion the technical character of what a lawyer would call a highly-interesting trial. Trifling as was the origin of the dispute, it involves questions of international law which, with any other opponent than the Emperor of CHINA, we should scarcely have ventured to raise. The lawfulness of the ordinance by which the privilege of the British flag was granted to ships owned by Chinese residents in Hong Kong was doubted by the British Government at the time of its first promulgation, and it has, in the course of the dispute, been expressly denied by the Chinese authorities. YEH says, with both point and reason, that national flags are never made so little of as even to be lent, and he asks how a nation could do anything so irregular as to sell its flag to China—a remark which is equally pertinent whether the colonial Chinaman who obtained the register were the true owner, or had only, as alleged by YEH, allowed his name to be used for a Chinese owner who had no connexion with the colony. It is not disputed that the period during which the registration remained in force had expired some days before the outrage complained of; and the advocates of China may also, if they please, insist upon Commissioner YEH'S version of the facts, and maintain that, when the *lorcha* was boarded by the imperial officers, there was no European captain on board, nor any British ensign hoisted, to distinguish her from the multitudes of native craft of the same description. All these points unquestionably deserve full investigation and discussion; but, in order to form a fair judgment of Sir JOHN BOWRING'S policy, it is necessary to take into consideration the state of the relations between the British Plenipotentiary and the Governor of Canton before the affair of the *Arrow* had occurred. If the Government intend to rest their defence on the strict legality of the proceedings out of which the immediate conflict has arisen, they will need a better advocate than the LORD CHANCELLOR to conduct so difficult a case. Had the question arisen between any two European Powers, it would scarcely admit of a word of argument. If any Frenchman resident in London, whether naturalised or not, were authorized by Act of Parliament to register his vessels as British ships, and to carry the British flag, we should find it difficult to induce the French Government to recognise the validity of the privilege which he might claim under such a law. If a ship so owned, and manned by a French crew, were to find her way into a French port with a suspected refugee on board, we should scarcely expect our neighbours to entertain any very serious scruples about their right to seize the offender. Yet there would be no distinction between such a case and that of the *Arrow*, except what may be supposed to arise from the fact that the Chinese Government is not within the protection of

a code of international law by which it does not affect to be bound.

But this is not the only weak point of the case. The Colonial ordinance under which the *Arrow* was registered expressly provides that the privilege so granted shall remain in force for a year, and no longer; and though it grants an extension of time for the renewal of the certificate in the case of a vessel which may happen to be at sea when the year expires, there is no provision that the effect of the original registration shall continue beyond the year in that or any other case. The *Arrow*'s certificate had therefore ceased to be in force at the time when her crew was seized by the mandarins. This defect in her title to protection was never discovered by the Chinese, and the main reliance of YEH was placed on the more questionable ground that the registration had been fraudulently procured. As a matter of fact, it seems that the registered owner was really the purchaser of the vessel; but throughout the negotiation Sir J. BOWRING avoided all discussion of this point, and insisted that a vessel which had been regularly registered by the British authorities must be treated as under the protection of our flag, notwithstanding any impropriety or fraud by which the certificate might have been obtained. Whatever justification the supposed fraud, if proved, would have afforded to the Chinese, they were certainly entitled to claim it when they found that the assertion on which they relied was never denied by the British authorities. Throughout the correspondence YEH persisted, with wearisome iteration, in declaring that the *lorcha* belonged to one SOO-A-CHING, a Chinese, and that he had paid 1000 dollars for a false certificate in the name of a Hong-Kong merchant. The British Governor did not condescend to enter into any discussion as to the fact, but insisted that the protection of our flag was available, though procured in contravention of the terms of an ordinance which, even in the absence of irregularity, was at best of questionable authority. Independently of these grave doubts as to the title of the *Arrow* to the privileges of a British ship, Sir J. BOWRING himself ascertained, in the very outset of the affair, that the licence had expired, and that the *Arrow* had no right to hoist the British flag, although this fatal defect was not known to the Chinese, and could not therefore have been the reason of their interference. The treaty obligation which YEH and his mandarins were accused of violating related only to the mode in which Chinese criminals were to be seized who should have taken refuge on board English ships of war or English merchant ships; and in the face of the disclosures contained in the correspondence, it will be difficult to contend that the *Arrow* was an English ship, or that the treaty had any application to the case.

The justification for the attack upon Canton, if the proceeding was justifiable, must be sought in the pertinacity with which the Canton authorities had long set at nought other provisions of the treaty, and in the insolence of their conduct on the immediate occasion of the quarrel. There cannot be the least doubt that the invasion of the real or alleged privilege of the *Arrow* was designed as a studied insult to the British flag. Apart from this particular offence, we might have found an ample *casus belli* in the resolute refusal of the Canton authorities to open the city, according to the terms of the treaty, to British subjects, or even to admit the representative of Great Britain within the walls. It might possibly have been worth a war to secure the real advantages of free intercourse, at least between the officials of the two countries; and there was evidence enough to show that our past forbearance in this respect had only increased the contemptuous insolence which, in spite of their fears, the Cantonese still maintain towards the "tiger-like" barbarians. But it had been expressly decided some years ago that hostilities should not be commenced on this account. When Mr. BONHAM had been completely foiled, in 1849, in his attempts to procure by diplomacy the fulfilment of the repeated pledges given upon this subject, he suggested that the claim should either be abandoned altogether, or immediately enforced. Lord PALMERSTON took what he called a middle course, and despatched a smart, and indeed unanswerable, rebuke to Commissioner SEU, who was almost as obstinate a specimen of a Chinese governor as YEH himself. To add to the force of the remonstrance, SEU was formally requested to transmit it to Peking. The effect of this demonstration was about as great as that of the late remonstrances to the Court of Naples, and it only elicited from SEU the polite question in reply—"Why should you request me to report to the throne this useless and wordy document?"

Had
would
struction
Heaven
mind, a
circum
received
of his s
doggd
only ar
our offic
and ter
people
a certai
ever its
hostilit
advanta
dity to
which a
consider

LORD
m
having
Bench i
been gr
DAVIS
theless,
moted t
CAMDEN
to disch
their sol
is never
CENT C
There w
had the
am I to
daily coi
carry no
the colou
armour
that pop
It is tha
justice to
not do th
occasion,
of all th
avoid do
me the
malice c
swallow
occasion,
partam g
CAMPBELL
spirit, we
which as
the intel

If the
bits of u
the Quee
a cheer a
we shoul
learned
of his ow
Camden
seriously
of the la
may be w
and to cl
been mac
treated
the subj
unusual
will or
tempora
string of
stated.
Times to
question
when a
an accou

Had free access to the city been insisted on in 1849, it would probably have been conceded; for the Imperial instructions to SEU, after informing him that the decrees of Heaven were in unison with the aspirations of the natural mind, gave him authority to yield or to resist according to circumstances. The opportunity, however, was lost, and SEU received a peacock's feather with a double eye as the reward of his skill in the evasion of treaties. YEH seems even more doggedly impracticable than any of his predecessors; and the only answer he gives to a demand for the admission of our officials is, that the people of Kwang-tung are a fierce and terrible people, and that Heaven is averse to what the people dislike. That the point may even now be gained by a certain amount of compulsion is likely enough; but, whatever its importance may be, it will be difficult to justify hostilities commenced on untenable grounds by the possible advantages which may be derived from them, or to give validity to an unjust demand by referring to a breach of treaty which successive Governments have for years declined to consider a sufficient cause for war.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPER LIBEL.

LORD CAMPBELL, we perceive, in his place in Parliament, has humbly begged pardon of the *Times* for not having pronounced a judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench in violation of the law of the land. His apology has been graciously accepted, and though his law in the case of *DAVISON v. DUNCAN* is declared execrably bad, he is nevertheless, in consideration of his extra-judicial remorse, promoted to brevet rank with the BACONS, MANSFIELDS, and CAMDENS of former days. Other judges have been content to discharge with rectitude and simplicity the functions of their solemn office; but the present Chief Justice of England is never satisfied unless he can succeed in what Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES used to call "bringing down the gallery." There was once a Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench who had the spirit to say—"I will do my duty unawed. What! am I to fear that *mendax infamia* from the Press which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust that my temper of mind, and the colour and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armour against these arrows. I wish popularity—but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the Press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels—all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say with a great magistrate on a similar occasion, '*Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtutis partem gloriam non invidiam putarem.*'" When we find Lord CAMPBELL on any occasion speak in this tone, or act in this spirit, we shall be more disposed to acquiesce in the judgment which ascribes to him "a spark of the genius which lit up the intellect of MANSFIELD."

If the speech in the House of Lords were only one of the bits of unmeaning claptrap to which we are so well used in the Queen's Bench, by which a Chief Justice seeks to elicit a cheer at the expense of the law he is bound to administer, we should have been quite content to leave the noble and learned lord to the applause of the *Times* and the judgment of his own profession. We should have said, "Let him be be-Camdened, and they be bepraised." But as it seems to be seriously contemplated to attempt a change in the principle of the law of libel at present established in this country, it may be well, at all events, to consider what the law actually is, and to clear the matter of certain misstatements which have been made with extraordinary confidence. The public were treated on Wednesday morning to a learned disquisition on the subject, with an array of cases and authorities very unusual in a leading article. We do not know whether it will or will not surprise our readers to learn that our contemporary's ostentatious display of learning consisted in a string of illogical inferences, deduced from facts inaccurately stated. It certainly was by no means incumbent on the *Times* to enter on a legal argument in discussing such a question; but it does not seem too much to expect that, when a journal professes to give its unprofessional readers an account of the law of a case in which it impugns the judg-

ment of the Court of Queen's Bench, it should take care to avoid either culpable ignorance or gross disingenuousness. The only excuse for the writer of the article in question is, that he knew nothing of the law. But how is the lay public to defend itself from unlearned misrepresentations published in all the pretentious authority of large type?

We are solemnly told that, "by the old common law," it was perfectly settled that it was a good defence to an action for defamation to plead that the defendant had heard the slander from a third party—that this law was established by Lord NORTHAMPTON's case—and that it had never been doubted till the year 1829, when "old Lord WYNFORD," by his own authority, altered the law. A great deal of abuse is heaped upon the "old Tory judge, whose politics no one respects, and whose learning no lawyer venerates;" and he is accused of a "monstrous usurpation" in the case of *DE Crespigny v. Wellesley*, which the *Times*, with all the insolence of ignorance, pronounces to have been "contrary to all ancient authority." We will not stop to observe on the logic of a writer who glorifies Lord MANSFIELD for not "taking his rules from KEBLE and SIDERFIN," while in the same breath he stigmatizes old Lord WYNFORD for departing from the dictum in Lord NORTHAMPTON's case—who at once attacks Chief Justice BEST for not being bound, and Chief Justice CAMPBELL for being bound, by the decisions of their predecessors. The readers of the *Times* are too much accustomed to this form of syllogism to make its refutation either necessary or useful. It is sufficient simply to state that the history of the law of libel, which our contemporary professes to give, is from beginning to end a tissue of blunders. In the first place, the fourth resolution in Lord NORTHAMPTON's case, so far from having been the undisputed common law down to the year 1829, had been always treated as unsound, and had never been acted upon. Let us hear what Mr. Justice HOLROYD—as high an authority on such a subject as it is possible to quote—said on this point in the year 1821, in the case of *LEWIS v. WALTER*:—"It does not follow that because a defendant may justify slander if true, he may also justify the repetition of slanderous words. All the cases on this subject arise out of the case of the Earl of NORTHAMPTON. They do not, however, confirm that decision, but all go on the ground of being distinguishable from it. The book in which that case is found is not so accurate as the rest of the Reports of Lord COKE, not having been published by him in his lifetime, but from his notes afterwards." In the subsequent case of *M'Pherson v. Daniels*, the present Lord WENSLEYDALE said:—"I am of opinion that the latter part of the fourth resolution in Lord NORTHAMPTON's case cannot be law. In the first place, the twelfth volume of Reports is not a book of any great authority. It is said by Mr. HARGRAVE to be of small authority, being not only posthumous, but apparently nothing more than a collection from papers never digested nor intended for the press by the writer." In the same case, that eminent lawyer, Mr. Justice LITTLEDALE, used the following language:—"The resolution in Lord NORTHAMPTON's case has been frequently referred to within the last thirty years, and though not expressly overruled, has been generally disapproved of. The latter part of that resolution is extra-judicial. It is somewhat inconsistent with the third resolution. It perhaps, in terms, does not go the length of saying that a defendant may justify the repetition of slander generally, but only that he may under certain circumstances. Assuming that it imports that a defendant may justify the repetition of slander generally, by showing that he named his original author, I think that is not law." So much for the authority of what the *Times* calls the "celebrated case of the Earl of NORTHAMPTON;" and so much for the accuracy of the assertion that up to 1829 it was universally regarded as enunciating the "old common law."

As a further example of our contemporary's accuracy, it is amusing to note that, when the *Times* says the case was determined on "solemn argument," it appears that there was no argument at all, the defendants having pleaded guilty; and though the journalist affirms that "the judges who announced the resolution, quoted abundant decisions of their and of Lord CAMPBELL's predecessors," it will be found, on reference to the report itself, that not one single precedent is quoted for the proposition relied upon. These points may be trivial in themselves, but they are instructive examples of the reckless way in which the *Times* is in the habit of inventing facts to bolster up a statement which it is desirous of accrediting. It may not be very material whe-

ther the case was decided on "solemn argument," or whether the "judges quoted abundant precedents;" but we are justly distrustful of a writer who thinks it worth his while to dress up a statement with incidents which, as he might have known, had no existence.

We will now examine what foundation there is for the assertion that the law of libel, as at present established, was "an edict of the old Tory judge, Lord WYNFORD, who established it by his own authority in the case of *DE CRESPIGNY v. WELLESLEY*, in the year 1829." We have already alluded to the case of *LEWIS v. WALTER*, which was an action against the *Times* newspaper in the year 1821. That case was decided by a full Court of as able Judges as ever sat in the Queen's Bench. Mr. Justice HOLROYD, in delivering judgment, said—"The proper way to take the passage (i.e., in the Earl of NORTHAMPTON's case) is with this qualification—that if J. S. publish, on a fair and justifiable occasion, that he hath heard J. W. say that J. G. was a traitor or thief, he may, if the truth be such, justify." The judgment delivered by Chief-Justice BEST in 1829, which the *Times* declares to have been a "monstrous usurpation," was, in fact, strictly in accordance with the law as it was perfectly well understood by the whole profession, and as it had been declared eight years before in the Queen's Bench, where Mr. Justice BEST was then sitting as a *puisne* Judge. If the *Times*, instead of abusing the "ancient gentleman," had applied itself to answer his reasonings, it might have done more to advance the change which it has so much at heart. We commend to our readers' attention the following passage from the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas on that occasion:—

If the person receiving a libel may publish it at all, he may publish it in whatever manner he pleases; he may insert it in all the journals, and thus circulate the calumny through every region of the globe. The effect of this is very different from that of the repetition of oral slander. In the latter case, what has been said is known only to a few persons; and if the statement be untrue, the imputation cast upon any one may be got rid of; the report is not heard of beyond the circle in which all the parties are known, and the veracity of the accuser, and the previous character of the accused, will be properly estimated. But if the report is to be spread over the world by means of the press, the malignant falsehoods of the vilest of mankind, which would not receive the least credit where the author is known, would make an impression which it would require much time and trouble to erase, and which it might be difficult, if not impossible, ever completely to remove.

Our contemporary is of opinion "that it was quite open to the Queen's Bench in 1857 to say that the judgment of 1829 was not law." It will occur to every lawyer to ask why, if this judgment of the Court of Common Pleas was such obviously bad law, the unsuccessful party did not take the opinion of a Court of Error on the subject? It happened, however, that the very same question came before the Court of Queen's Bench in that same year, 1829. We commend to the attention of those who wish really to understand the law of this subject, the judgments in the case of *M'PHERSON v. DANIELS*. That case was decided a few months subsequently to *DE CRESPIGNY v. WELLESLEY*, and the whole matter was thoroughly reasoned out by the masculine intellects of such judges as BAYLEY, LITTLEDALE, and PARKE. Mr. Justice BAYLEY said:—

It seems to me that a person cannot be justified in repeating slander unless he believes it to be true. But that alone is not sufficient. I think it can only be repeated upon a justifiable occasion. Every publication of slanderous matter is, *prima facie*, a violation of the right which every individual has to his good name and reputation. The law, upon grounds of public policy and convenience permits, under certain circumstances, the publication of slanderous matter, although it be injurious to another. But such act being, *prima facie*, wrongful, it lies upon the person charged with uttering slander, whether he were the first utterer or not, to show that he uttered it upon some lawful occasion. Upon the whole, I am of opinion that a man cannot by law justify the repetition of slander by merely naming the person who first uttered it; he must also show that he repeated it on a justifiable occasion, and believed it to be true.

To this Mr. Justice LITTLEDALE added:—

As great an injury may accrue from the wrongful repetition as from the first publication of slander; the first utterer may have been a person insane or of bad character. The person who repeats it gives greater weight to the slander. A party is not the less entitled to recover damages in a court of law for injurious matter published concerning him, because another person previously published it.

That shows not that the plaintiff has been guilty of any misconduct which renders it unfit that he should recover damages in a court of law, but that he has been wronged by another person as well as the defendant; and may, consequently, if the slander was not published by the first utterer on a lawful occasion, have an action for damages against that person as well as the defendant.

Mr. Justice PARKE observed:—

A man's reputation is entitled to the protection of the law against those slanders which it considers to be injurious; and as every one who publishes such a slander injures that reputation, he is guilty of a wrongful act, and upon principle is liable in a civil action for any damage arising to another by reason of that wrongful act. I agree with what is said by Lord Chief Justice Best in *De Crespigny v. Wellesley*.

It is clear that a wrong to property cannot be justified by alleging that

another person has before committed a similar wrong. Upon what principle can it then be said that a wrong done to the good name and reputation of another is not equally so?

We fear we have already wearied our readers by the exposure of the blunders and misrepresentations with which every line of our contemporary's "historical" article teems. But there is one passage so comically erroneous that we cannot resist the temptation of analysing it as a specimen of the style in which the public is instructed by its morning lecturers. After quoting "the Earl of NORTHAMPTON's case," the *Times* proceeds:—"A smatterer in law will object that this resolution was of words spoken, and not of words written. Lord CAMPBELL is too sound a lawyer to make such a reply. It was so recently as the year 1812 that the distinction between written and spoken defamation was first formally drawn." There are exactly as many blunders as clauses in this paragraph. Whether Lord CAMPBELL is or is not too sound a lawyer to make such a reply we know not—certain it is that that "smatterer in law," Lord ELLENBOROUGH, commenced his judgment in *MAITLAND v. GOLDNEY* with this sentence:—"Without considering the extent of the rule in Lord NORTHAMPTON's case, of which it is sufficient at present to say that that was a case of oral, and this is one of written slander." That this judgment was delivered in the year 1802 may be considered a sufficient answer to the statement that the distinction between oral and written slander was first taken in 1812—even if it were not known to all lawyers that the distinction is as old as the reign of CHARLES II., and that the authorities quoted in support of it go back to the reports of HOBART, HARDRESS, and SKINNER. The very judgment to which the *Times* refers relies on the authority of HOLT, HALE, and HARDWICKE.

It is not without good reason that we have taken the pains, at the risk of appearing tedious, to expose the farrago of ignorance and nonsense which the *Times* endeavours to palm upon the public, under the pretence of giving a "history of the law of libel." The object of the leading journal is transparent enough. Not satisfied with the freedom which the press at present enjoys by the laws of this country, our contemporary wishes that it should be still further extended; and for this purpose it is thought necessary to discredit the law, in order that it may be the more easily changed. There may be valid reasons for a legislative alteration, but the question is surely capable of being argued on its own merits, and it is of the greatest importance that it should not be placed upon a false issue. Let it be clearly understood that the doctrine of *DAVISON v. DUNCAN* is, and always has been, the law of England, and that the *onus* of proof lies upon those who seek to alter it. We will only remark, for the present, that though Lord CAMPBELL apologizes to the *Times* and the House of Lords for his conduct on the Bench, he is much too wary and astute to propose any change in the law himself, but judiciously takes refuge in the safe expedient of a Select Committee.

PROGRESS OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN AMERICA.

THOUGH all formal political action is suspended in the United States till Mr. BUCHANAN's assumption of office, there has been recently a very decided change in the aspect of the Kansas question. It seems now recognised on all sides that the late Presidential election was as fatal to the designs of the slaveowning interest in Kansas as it would have been if Mr. FREMONT had been chosen. The great explosion of Free-soil feeling in the North, if it had resulted in the election of the Republican candidate, would have deprived the Democratic party of their prescriptive monopoly of office, and, thus far, would have produced an effect which has been prevented by Mr. BUCHANAN's success; but, even though Mr. FREMONT should have been carried into the Presidency by a majority yet unheard of in American political history, he could not have taken a course different in any respect from that which President PIERCE had already been compelled to follow. All that was necessary to secure the freedom of labour for a perpetuity in Kansas was common fairness on the part of the Executive Government. The *gravamen* of those charges against President PIERCE which were so nearly fatal to his whole party was not so much that he failed to assist the just claims of the North, as that he positively aided the aggressions of the South. In choosing between the two Legislatures which separately pretended to represent the Territorial Government of Kansas, President PIERCE made a selection of which no reasonable man could complain. The pro-slavery Congress consisted in great

part of members who had no right to their seats, because they had been returned by the spurious votes of the "Border Ruffians;" but the collective assembly was unquestionably legal. On the other hand, the Topeka, or Free-soil Legislature, was clearly revolutionary, having been elected without writ, mandate, or permission from any competent authority. President PIERCE, in declaring for the first of these Territorial Parliaments instead of the second, took the only course which was practicable to a great State functionary. The true offence of which he was guilty consisted, not in doing this, but in going beyond it. He displayed a furious partizanship for the domestic filibusters who invaded Kansas from Missouri. Having in his hands the appointment of the Governor of Kansas and other territorial officers, he nominated persons who were notoriously the tools of the Southern interest. Instead of acquiescing, which he could not have helped, in the illegality of the Territorial polling, he assisted, so far as he was able, to perpetuate that illegality, by giving its perpetrators the control of future elections. But the immense vote for Colonel FREMONT seems to have thoroughly frightened him at last. He has taken exactly the step which he ought to have taken a year ago, by placing an energetic and impartial officer in the Governorship of Kansas. The consequence is, that the Legislature of the Territory will soon be purged from that taint of servility to the South which it contracted at its birth; and Kansas will almost certainly be admitted into the Federation as a non-slaveholding State.

A Territory, or embryo State, becomes a Sovereign State and a member of the American Union in virtue of an enactment passed through Congress on the application of the Territorial Legislature. As the Legislature of Kansas is now constituted, it would probably be ready to ask, at any moment, for admission to the Federation as a Slave State; but then it is perfectly notorious that the Washington Congress would reject a bill which should propose to let it in on those terms. The Democratic party has a nominal majority in both Houses of Congress, but the Democrats elected in the North have too keen a sense of the dangers which they have barely escaped to insult their constituents by consenting to an immediate extension of the area of slavery. The compromise which they have effected with the Southern members of their party amounts to an agreement to wait until the will of the people of Kansas is fairly declared; and everything therefore depends on the leaning which the Legislature of Kansas may display after the next elections. Thanks to the new Governor, Mr. GEARY, these elections will be genuine. It is true that he still continues to treat the periodical attempts of the Topeka Parliament to exercise authority as acts of high treason; but on the other hand, by a judicious disposition of the United States' troops, he has rendered further irruptions of Border Ruffians impossible. If interference from Missouri be prevented, there is little doubt that Kansas will declare against slavery by its legitimate organs; and then it will find no difficulty in obtaining admission as a Free State on its own application.

If the course of events in America be attentively watched, it becomes easy to understand the frantic effort made last year by the South to gain a foothold among the natural appurtenances of the Northern States. Sooner or later, the slaveholders must lose their dominant position in the House of Representatives, which is elected on the basis of population, and their control of the Presidency, to which a majority of the people nominate. They may still hope, however, to keep the balance even in the Senate, where all States, however unequal their population, are equally represented. The constitution of the Federal Senate furnishes, in truth, the key to their policy, which has long consisted in sustained attempts to effect the creation of new Slave States, however poor and thinly inhabited, and to prevent the admission of free communities, however opulent and populous. The game, however, is nearly played out. It was known some time ago that Oregon and Minnesota were ready to petition for their establishment as Sovereign States; and in fact they were admitted into the Union a few weeks ago. Four clear votes in the Senate were thus gained by the North, at a moment when the South had no young slaveholding commonwealths ripe for recognition. The original calculation of the Southern statesmen had been, that the countries annexed or conquered from Mexico would provide a more than sufficient set-off against the extensions of Northern territory; but here a difficulty has occurred, which the excellent book of Mr. OLMSTED on Texas has for the first time explained to Englishmen. Texas, which,

by its fundamental agreement with the United States, is to be divided hereafter into three States, includes a very large number of persons born Mexican subjects; and it has, moreover, become the favourite settlement of the more educated emigrants from Germany. The Germans dislike slavery, and contrive to do without slaves, while the Mexicans, besides entertaining a peculiar horror of the institution—which is perhaps explained by the strong dash of Indian blood in their veins—are especially dangerous neighbours to the planters, from their willingness to fraternize with the negro race on terms of perfect equality. Mr. OLMSTED found it a common opinion in Texas that one at least of the States formed out of it would be free. California, as is well known, is already free, and there can be no doubt as to the destiny of New Mexico, whose uninviting barrenness has almost wholly relieved it from the presence of cotton-planting and negro-owning Americans. It follows, therefore, that the very territory conquered by the South with the express intention of consecrating it to slavery, is likely to give the Federal Union three Free States against two Slave States. Such a prospect opens new reasons for that violent intrusion of the South on the territory north of the Missouri Compromise line, which first stunned and then maddened the North; and let us add, it gives European statesmen very small ground for looking forward to a release from the embarrassing diplomatic questions which are raised by filibustering aggressions on Cuba and Central America.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE most dangerous of all the privileges of the pulpit is the power of speaking without fear of contradiction or discussion; but the "drum ecclesiastic" is, after all, a rostrum not to be compared with the legitimate military article. "It is hard," said the philosopher of old, "to dispute with the master of a hundred legions;" and the same objection seems forcibly to apply to discussing political economy with the Emperor of the FRENCH. An Emperor's Speech is a very different sort of composition from the document which we know in this country under the name of a Queen's Speech. When a gentleman who might put a bayonet or a twenty-four pounder into you, makes you a fine oration instead, it would be ill-mannered to be too critical.

It might be unfair to quarrel with a literary manufacturer for the French market for indulging in what we should be apt to call in this country "plaguy-fine writing." We are a prosaic people, and have no right to reduce the imagery of other nations to our own level. It is, perhaps, for that reason that it seems difficult to imagine Queen VICTORIA making it "a point of honour" to carry the sewage of London down to Erith, or proposing to "redouble her efforts to remedy evils which are beyond human foresight." Indeed, the latter policy appears to be one calculated to reduce to despair any one but an Irish statesman. But, apart from the singularities of style, there are matters of substance in this rescript to a phantom Parliament, which appear to us fraught with much more serious mischief than errors in taste and want of dignity in composition. It is always an alarming symptom when a Government begins to addict itself to cant phrases. We know what "civil and religious liberty all over the world" means in this country—it stands on occasion for a "No-popery" persecution. The Provisional Government of 1848 talked of "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," just as the Imperial Governor in 1857 talks of "Humanity and Civilization." If these words had stood by themselves, we might have regarded them as a mere bit of oratorical *blague*, which was intended to mean nothing, and did mean nothing. In fact, the Emperor of the FRENCH, for reasons which it is more easy to understand than desirable to enlarge on, leaves the definition of "humanity" to take care of itself. On the subject of "civilization," however, if not very intelligible, he is at least very full. Peace being concluded, he very justly remarks that the next object is "to endeavour seriously to regulate and develop the riches of the nation at home;" and the process and the principles by which this desirable result is to be effected, are disclosed in a theory of government which, proceeding from the head of a great people, seems to us one of the most alarming we ever met with.

LOUIS NAPOLEON takes his style from M. THIERS, but it is evident that he has studied his philosophy under PIERRE LEROUX and FOURIER. The French Government, we are told, is for the future "to struggle against the evils which a progres-

sivesociety is not exempt from." What these evils are, we imperfectly gather from a sentence so complicated with images of armies, roads, machines, &c., that it is difficult to disentangle an idea which was perhaps never very clearly conceived. However, the general argument may be fairly stated as follows:—Civilization advances, but it advances like an army—there are "victories," but there are also many "victims." FREDERICK BASTIAT used to say, "Heaven preserve us from metaphors!" The Imperial phraseology sounds very fine; but when we come really to understand what it means, we find it is a very old story in a new shape. What these "victories" are we are plainly told by the Imperial Economist. They are the "communications which open new roads to commerce," "machines," "gold mines," that "imperishable source of wealth called credit," and lastly, "the increase of public fortune." The "victims are the "interests which are thrown back by the shifting of commerce"—the "artisans who are thrown out of work by the machines"—the masses who find things dearer for the importation of gold and the "increase of the public fortune"—and not the smallest class, perhaps, the "private individuals who are ruined by the abuse of speculation." Certainly a goodly list of killed and wounded for the hospital of victorious civilization. But what we have ventured to call truly alarming is the method in which the EMPEROR proposes to deal with these questions. "Hence the necessity," he concludes, "of assisting those who cannot keep up with its accelerated movement." "Some must be stimulated, others kept in check; we must feed the activity of that panting, anxious society, which in France expects everything of the Government." Envelop this doctrine how you may—clothe it in specious phrases, mystify it with plausible metaphors—it is pure, undiluted, unmitigated Socialism. The task which LOUIS NAPOLEON practically assumes is that which ST. SIMON theoretically propounded, and which LOUIS BLANC (we know with what success) actually attempted to accomplish. It is true that the EMPEROR proposes to respect "the limits of the possible, and the calculations of common sense." But the misfortune in limitations of this kind is, that each man has his own idea of "the limits of the possible," and every one supposes himself to be the depository of the "calculations of common sense." When a Government once accepts the responsibility of "assisting those who cannot keep up with the accelerated movement of civilization," it will find that it is vain to oppose limits to that "panting, anxious, exacting society," whose activity it has so rashly undertaken to feed. We do not think it necessary to state at length the reasons why the function which the French EMPEROR assumes is one which no Government can fulfil, and which, therefore, no Government ought to attempt. We do not think it necessary to prove that government on Socialistic principles is a delusion, which can end in nothing but disaster; but it is with surprise and regret that we find its fundamental doctrine adopted and proclaimed in its most naked form from the throne of France. Instead of pointing out the fundamental fallacy of the doctrine, the EMPEROR flatters false hopes and promises impossible results. Its original professors may be pining in exile, or rotting on the plains of Cayenne; but if they are philosophers, they may console themselves by the reflection that their principles have vanquished their victor, and reign triumphant in the land from which they have been driven. LOUIS NAPOLEON, like the barbarian conquerors, has embraced the religion of the vanquished people.

There is another topic touched on in the Speech no less deserving of grave reflection by all who are interested in the continued tranquillity of France. "When a crisis takes place," we are told, "there is no sort of false rumour or false doctrine which ignorance or malevolence does not propagate." Not a very unnatural result, we think, of a system of repression which renders independent criticism and discussion impossible. The remedy which the EMPEROR proposes seems neither very practicable under present circumstances, nor very effective. "It is the duty, therefore, of good citizens to spread everywhere the wise doctrines of political economy." The nature of the doctrines spread by the only individual who can spread anything at all in France, and how far they deserve to be called the "wise doctrines of political economy," we have already noticed. But how it is possible, in the present condition of the press in that country, for false doctrines to be refuted, or mischievous delusions dissipated, is a question which we advise the EMPEROR to refer to his Minister of Police. The French Government is beginning to feel the results of the idle attempt to crush public opinion by closing the door on public discussion. Opinion still survives; and it

survives in a spirit the most hostile, and in a form the most intractable, to the despotism which it undermines. Hence the "uneasiness" and the "imaginary alarms" of which the EMPEROR complains—hence the power of "malevolence and ignorance" which fills him with well-founded apprehension. The French nation will not take their opinions from the venal pens of MM. CASSAGNAC and CESENA—their declamations are laughed at, and their adulation despised. In the mean time, the men of genius, of learning, and of virtue are silenced. No tongue can speak, no pen can write, except those whose authority no man of sense can respect; and so public opinion vents itself in "uneasiness and imaginary alarms." The isolation of the present Emperor of the French is one of the most remarkable features of his reign. A successful monarch has not often wanted a brilliant court, even though he was a usurper; and the literary choir have not always been the last

To heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

The dignified secession of the whole intellect of France from a Government based on the violation of liberty of opinion, is one of the most honourable examples of independence to be found in the history of literature. NAPOLEON THE GREAT was either more anxious to secure the adherence, or more successful in enlisting the sympathies, of the men of genius and education who lived under his reign. Certain it is, that while all the loftiest intellects of France clustered round the throne of the First NAPOLEON, the Court of the Third cannot boast of one name illustrious for its abilities, and has not many adherents respectable by their character. The most hopeful symptom we can discover in the Speech is, that the EMPEROR seems to be conscious that this is a condition of things neither consistent with the splendour of his throne nor the safety of his Government. He has condescended to send a card to M. THIERS—we shall be curious to learn whether that statesman is "previously engaged."

SOCIALISM IN SMITHFIELD.

THE political world, like the earth, has bubbles; and bubbles are signs of effervescence. They are empty and evanescent, but there is a cause for them, and we cannot afford altogether to disregard them. The present meetings of the unemployed are political bubbles; but they may be treated too lightly, as well as too seriously. There are, we think, dangers either way. We do not say that they should be prevented; but certainly, at the present moment, Smithfield threatens to become a greater public nuisance than in its market days. The lowing of oxen and the bleating of sheep are not half so disagreeable as the groans of an ignorant people and the braying of Mr. ERNEST JONES. The sooner Smithfield is appropriated the better—we cannot afford a perpetual Mons Sacer within half a mile of the Bank. We have had at least enough of what may grow to monster meetings—an institution for which London is eminently unfitted. On the whole, to treat inchoate sedition with silent contempt is good policy on the part of the Executive; but it need not be accompanied with that especial politeness which the spokesman and deputations from these meetings seem to receive—not, we suppose, without the sanction of the higher authorities—from the Police Magistrates. However unquestionable may be the duty of the magistrates to assist starving artisans in their applications to the relieving officers, yet we think official courtesy to the applicants might reasonably be tempered with certain hints about the undesirableness and danger of these gatherings. The deputations themselves are but a petty instalment of terrorism—still they are menacing, and should be treated as such. Such things have an ugly tendency to rapid growth; but hitherto the line adopted towards them has been something beyond conciliation. It is quite true that no capital in Europe but our own could afford to treat them with indifference; but they are certainly not to be encouraged.

As to public meetings in times of commercial distress, they are no novelty; and the Smithfield assemblages are small of their sort. After a war there is always a collapse and stagnation. At the termination of the great European struggle, there was HUNT and his Spafelds crowds; and it is always so. A war not only absorbs surplus labour, but—especially if conducted as the late contest was, towards its close, in the most lavish and thriftless way—it stimulates employment into a state of fever. The reaction is the more violent when, as just now, the unnatural employment is sud-

denly checked. We have pulled the engine up so violently that a good deal of the social machinery is at once thrown out of gear. The Land Transport Corps, Dockyards, Ship-building, the Transport Service, manufactures for munitions and implements of war—all these sources of labour, and of labour at extravagant prices, are suddenly paralyzed. But, more than this, the whole nation was spending more than its revenue; and every family is now obliged to retrench to pay its bills, and to make its income not only meet its annual expenses, but compensate for the past, however necessary, extravagance. Among ourselves, the commercial pressure affects apparently but a single employment of capital—it is the building trade, and the building trade of London, which is especially depressed. This is natural enough. It is the tendency of all large cities—especially is it the tendency of London—to emigrate. At least once in seven years, and sometimes more frequently, a rising family moves westwards or suburbwards. Hence the unexampled growth of new houses. A better home is the obvious luxury in which every family can, if not retrench, at least avoid new expenses. London emigration is stopped; and the denizen of Bloomsbury at least postpones his promised flight to Tulse-hill. That the building trade, or rather speculation, is the first to feel the stress of the times, is most natural. Mr. ERNEST JONES considers that it is only the fundholders—"those who by money had suddenly become rich"—who build "fine boxes and splendid villas in the suburbs." Does he mean to say that more villas would be built if the sponge were applied? We suppose that he does; and if we understand a man who does not understand himself, his suggestion to the starving artisan is, that commerce, manufactures, and skilled labour are all equally pernicious because liable to fluctuations. The greatest curse to a country seems to him to be capital; and the greatest wrong to an artisan is to find him employment. What is the good of the building trade if we succeed only in building all the houses which people can afford to live in—what is the use of railroads, if the end of them is that they are constructed—what is the use of producing cotton goods if at last it only comes to this, that cotton goods are made as long as the world wants them, and no longer?

But Mr. ERNEST JONES is not only ready to tell the people why they are starving—he has his remedy. He proposes to extemporise 1,000,000 small farmers at once. Well, we have had some experience in this matter of a million of independent farmers settled in waste lands. Ireland for some centuries tried this very experiment; and it required the visible interposition of God by famine and pestilence to teach mankind in general, and the English people in particular, that this very remedy was the surest way to secure misery and suffering from generation to generation, infinitely more intense and grievous than any which Mr. JONES's Smithfield audience could dream of. But how are the millions of thousands to be set to work at reclaiming the 20,000,000 acres of English waste lands? We assume these ridiculous statistics. Who is to find the tools—the wages—the food—the cottages and clothing of these incipient agriculturists? Capitalists? But capital is an evil. Those wicked usurers are the cause of the present distress. The Government? But the Government cannot do it without laying on more taxes; and more taxes would increase Mr. ERNEST JONES's million of proposed settlers—who are already by his announcement the mass of the unemployed—to two millions; and then every rood of ground would have to support, not its man, as the poet boasted, but its two men, as the orator must promise. But, as it seems, even the Smithfield intellect rebelled at this nonsense; and a secession to Agar Town rewarded Mr. ERNEST JONES with a hint that this revival of the agrarian tradition was a little too ridiculous for the practical British mind. To offer a man who wants a week's wages six acres of Dartmoor is a parallel to the Scripture appeal for bread, which was answered with a stone. LICINIUS is not likely to march out of the city with a large following.

After all, what are the facts of the case? Is there much metropolitan distress? Bread, at any rate, may be purchased for 6d. and 6½d. a loaf in London at the present moment; and the numbers receiving parochial relief are less now than they were last year. If the distress is severe, it certainly covers a small area. Manufactures and trade are everywhere flourishing. If a single channel of labour is stopped, others are opening; and it is only the one chapter in the world's history which is always recurring, that trade, employment, and taste—and consequently branches of employment—are constantly fluctuating and transitory. It is

only by accident that family economy takes the form of retrenching in the luxury of a new house. In France, at the present moment, where the same general state of things exists, it is the silk trade which is suffering, while building speculations are very prosperous. In either case, the "hinge of the commercial hitch" is an accident. It is no more the fault of the British Constitution that as many houses are built in London as tenants can afford to take, than that in one century steel buttons are used, and in another silk ones. A child would get its ears boxed for crying when it had exhausted *Jack the Giant Killer*, if *Little Red Riding-hood* were on the next page; and Mr. ERNEST JONES deserves something more when, having the opportunity, he had not the honesty to tell his Smithfield hearers that, as they could no longer lay bricks, they must turn to some other branch of industry, as it is not pretended that there is surplus labour in the market.

From the slight success which has attended Mr. ERNEST JONES's oratory, we are very hopeful that this trembling of the popular mind will be as evanescent as we feel convinced that the pressure which calls it forth is likely to be. At any rate, the Socialist remedy has been suggested too often, and has too often been found wanting. The poor man has never gained by it, and quacks and fanatics have tried it too frequently to venture upon another experiment. Their only chance is in mixing their poison with religious or political motives. Socialism was at the bottom of most of the popular tumults of history. From the thirteenth century at least, and downwards, under various disguises, now as a religious, and now as a political movement—and in all countries of Europe—in Languedoc and in England—as the Albigensian Communism, the Pastoureaux, Jack Cade, or the Jacquerie, or the Münster Anabaptists—some Socialistic remedy, some rising of labour against the accidental pressure on employment, resulting either from desolating wars or bad political economy, have been constantly reappearing. The Smithfield meetings are no new thing; and it is our chief consolation that, while the old demon who wars against the principle of human society is always at hand to fan popular and not unreasonable discontent, he has now rather the accidents of trade than a vicious State system to work on. Socialism had chances under the reign of feudalism, or sacerdotalism, or Protection, from which constitutional Government and Free Trade have for ever cut it off.

A MINISTRY OF JUSTICE.

THE result of the debate on Mr. NAPIER's motion for the establishment of a special Ministry of Justice is more satisfactory than could have been anticipated. The Government, in fact, underwent a complete conversion during the short interval between Lord PALMERSTON's proposal to appoint a revising barrister to keep the House in order, and the discussion of Mr. NAPIER's much more comprehensive scheme. The speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL sufficiently indicates the origin of the change in the PREMIER's views, and it is to be hoped that the spur will not be laid aside until something like a fulfilment of the Ministerial assurances has been secured. That those assurances were given *bonâ fide* we have not the least doubt. Lord PALMERSTON has appreciated the fact "that the improvement of the law is a subject which excites a greater interest in the public mind than almost any other." Therefore he is a law reformer. Just now, there is no more effective part for a Minister to assume. There is a great harvest of reputation to be won if the work is even tolerably done, while there is no risk or responsibility except for the professional Members of the Government. For the political chief of the Administration, it is a lottery of all prizes and no blanks; for whatever humiliations the CHANCELLOR and the law officers of the Crown may occasionally suffer from the defeat or mutilation of their Bills, the loss of a measure of law reform does little appreciable injury to the Ministry as a body, who are not supposed to be conversant with the difficulties of the subject. It is no wonder, therefore, that Lord PALMERSTON should declare himself ready to make a real effort to organize arrangements for promoting the improvement of the law. There is a steady trade wind setting in that direction, which the Government sails are beginning to feel. But even with a fair wind there must be a competent steersman and crew, if the voyage is not to end in disaster; and the professed object of Mr. NAPIER's motion was to supply this want. The creation of

a new Ministerial department does not, however, seem to be called for. With a LORD CHANCELLOR in one House, and two legal functionaries in the other—besides the sort of hybrid, half layman half lawyer, known as a Home Secretary—the Constitution seems to have provided enough, if not too many, candidates for the legal leadership of the Cabinet. Already it is no very easy task to bring the existing law authorities to work harmoniously together, and Mr. NAPIER's plan of adding another Minister, with co-ordinate powers, seems admirably contrived to defeat the purpose which he has so much at heart.

There can be no more serious error than to make permanent alterations in the Constitution for the sake of remedying temporary defects. If a particular department happens to be inefficiently conducted, either from want of strength in the staff or of skill in the chief, it does not by any means follow that a duplicate office should be permanently established by its side. If this principle had been acted on whenever the Foreign Office got into trouble, or whenever the Home or Colonial Secretary for the time being chanced to be incompetent, we should by this time have had a whole system of rival departments, each called into being for the purpose of controlling some more ancient authority, and each in its turn superseded by a more recent establishment under a new name. It is unfortunately true that, up to this moment, the CHANCELLOR, whose office it is to direct the legal measures of the Government, has produced nothing but a series of feeble measures, which necessarily fell before the first attack that was made upon them; but there is, of course, the good-natured as well as the ill-natured explanation of this. The CHANCELLOR, say his friends, has too much to do, and has no organized office where the details of his schemes may be perfected; and it is therefore impossible that he should produce well-considered bills on all the various subjects which call for his attention. There is the whole statute law to consolidate, and the whole common law to codify. Then there are conflicting jurisdictions without number to be simplified and harmonized. The transfer of land has to be relieved from a most complicated and expensive system of conveyancing. The principles as well as the machinery of our jurisprudence have to be dealt with, and legislation is called for both on social and commercial subjects. To meet all these demands, in addition to the performance of other duties, undoubtedly needs, not merely a clear-headed judge, which the CHANCELLOR is said to be, but a man with philosophical as well as practical ideas; and it is clear that SOLON himself could not discharge such a task without the assistance of an efficient staff. We concur, therefore, in all that has been urged to prove the absolute necessity of a Department of Justice; but why a new Minister should be created to fulfil the duties which belong to an existing office, we cannot imagine. If the department is weak, by all means let it be strengthened by such changes and additions as may be needed; but it is only as a last resort that the introduction of a new Secretary of State can be thought of. At present, the necessity has not been established; and until we have seen what can be done by an energetic Chancellor, backed by a good working staff, we shall not believe that the moderate judicial labour which he has to go through is at all incompatible with the efficient superintendence of a comprehensive system of law reform. Even if the work were really too much for one man, we would rather see the CHANCELLOR relieved from some of his other duties than subordinated to a rival Minister in the most important of all his functions.

The only real obstacle in the way of a comprehensive amendment of the law in all its branches is the want of some authority able to command the confidence alike of lawyers and laymen. Bills are rejected again and again, not because they would not be improvements on the actual law, but simply because Parliament and the country have no guide on whom they can place implicit reliance. A department devoted to the improvement of the law, and placed under the undivided control of the highest legal functionary of the country, would, when administered with even tolerable efficiency, be able to speak somewhat *ex cathedra*, and to over-rule the cavillings about petty details and professional interests which have defeated so many of the attempts that have been lately made at legal reforms. The great desideratum is to get rid of the piecemeal method of legislation, and to deal with the whole subject in a comprehensive spirit. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has declared that the only hope of removing existing incongruities is in charging a responsible department with the duty of framing a comprehensive report

to Parliament with regard to the amendment of the system both in principle and practice; and in all parts of the House the declaration was received with marked approbation. Lord JOHN RUSSELL wished to see the large and bold views of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL carried into effect. Mr. NAPIER and his lordship are in substance agreed; and even Lord PALMERSTON was amazingly warmed up before the close of the debate. Though he seems to have hesitated, in the first instance, to entrust the case of the Government unreservedly to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, his final speech was as decided in tone as the most zealous reformer could desire. The House of Commons may not as yet appreciate all that is implied in the bold and large views which Lord JOHN RUSSELL justly attributes to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL; nor, as it seems to us, has Sir RICHARD BETHELL hitherto done justice to the House of Commons. He complains of the apathy with which projects of law reform are received; but it is not so much apathy as distrust which has stood in the way. It is difficult for any lawyer to win the unreserved confidence of Parliament; but one who should succeed in this would be able to remodel the whole legal system of the country with less difficulty than it will cost Lord CRANWORTH to carry through his Bill for the Discipline of Clerks. By his speech on Mr. NAPIER's motion, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has placed himself on a better footing with the House than he ever occupied before; and it will be his own fault if he does not further improve it. If he is wise, he will eschew all compromise, and be as bold in his Parliamentary tactics as he is in his legal views. A genuine and courageous reformer will have no occasion to charge the country or the House with indifference.

QUEEN BEES OR WORKING BEES.

THE best that can be said in favour of Lord BROUGHAM's proposed legislation on the Property of Married Women is, that the class for whom he innovates is the creation, or result, of a highly civilized state of society. The Occidental type of the wife—that Teutonic institution which the Christianity of the West especially developed—has, by slow but sure degrees, expanded into the landed and lettered lady who talks so much of the hardships of matrimony. The result, we admit, is that the natural relation of husband and wife becomes modified by social circumstances, and that restrictions and limitations must be introduced in dealing with the original and simpler form of the institution of marriage. Of course, we confess that the exceptional cases—though we must say that they are made the most of—in which a woman's private means are squandered by a wicked husband, are cases of cruel hardship. Though Lord BROUGHAM's stock characters are produced somewhat frequently—though we have heard more than once of the lady whose earnings in a school were swept away by the profligate husband, and of the French milliner who, though she escaped from her Parisian tyrant, was exposed to his half-yearly visits in Conduit-street from most unhusband-like motives—it is undeniable that there ought to be a remedy for such abuses. But the cases are neither sufficiently numerous, nor, let us add, sufficiently brutal, to justify us in revolutionizing society—still less in forgetting the natural relations of the married pair—in attempting to prevent them. The very stress which is laid upon them is hardly a compliment to the aggrieved class. If a wife earns money, it is, no doubt, hard that a good-for-nothing husband should spend it. But this money-earning wife is a very exceptional person, and how comes it that, according to the woman's rights' champions, she always falls, as a matter of course, into the worst marital hands? How is it that, as a rule, the most peerless of her sex always makes the very worst choice in marriage?

Does it come to this, that a highly intellectual woman always chooses a brute of a husband, and that Prtina must, from the nature of the case, be mated to a Caiban? In other words, does the present state of the law with respect to the property of married women encourage those instances of oppression and wrong on which Lord BROUGHAM dwells? Is it in virtue of any mysterious necessity that Miss TYLNEY LONG should be paired with Mr. WELLESLEY POLE? Could any human enactment make provision against the evils of an ill-assorted marriage? It is not saying much for the lettered or landed ladies that they require legislating for. We do not assert that married women have not grievances, and do not often suffer, in their pecuniary and other interests, by bad husbands; but we do say that, for the interests

of the wife in particular, and of society in general, Lord BROUGHAM'S Bill will do more harm in one direction than it does good in another. Let the occasional and accidental defects of the law be treated with occasional and accidental remedies—let individual and exceptional cases be dealt with individually and exceptionally—let every facility that the Courts, even the Police Courts, can give be cheerfully rendered to the struggling and abused wife; but let there be no interference with the law of God and nature, that they twain shall be not only one flesh, but one interest, one duty, one responsibility.

Lord BROUGHAM cuts sheer through the difficulty. He announces, in the plainest and most distinct language, that as regards the ownership of property and the use of earnings, the husband and wife shall have separate and independent interests. What property she has before her marriage, and what property accrues to her during marriage, shall be to her separate use, "as if she were a *feme sole*." Nor is this principle enounced merely for the benefit of those well-dowered ladies who rejoice in estates real and personal. The preamble of the Bill recites "that the law of property, with respect to married women, presses with peculiar severity upon the poorer classes of the community." In every station of life, then, especially in the lowest, it is declared that man and wife have separate and antagonist interests, and that both ought to devote themselves to earning money for their separate benefit. This we emphatically deny. We are, we believe, the truest advocates of woman's rights, when we say that, as a rule, it is her misfortune that she is ever compelled to earn money. There may be, and there are, cases in which a wife and mother does well in supporting herself and children. In such cases, let her earnings be secured from a bad husband; but let not the wife be encouraged to be an earner. In every station of life she has her own duties, economical, educational, and practical, enough to occupy or exhaust her highest energies, and to stimulate her keenest susceptibilities. Home is woman's proper world, and, according to her station, that world expands or contracts. A wife has always enough to do without earning money, except in those rare cases in which high intellectual powers place a woman apart from her kind. But we are not called upon to revolutionize society for the possible benefit of hypothetical SOMERVILLES and probable JAMESONS. Woman, to the end, must remain the weaker vessel; and if it be said that, in our present artificial state of society, women of the lower classes are compelled to be labourers, and therefore have acquired new rights, this is an argument against our social state rather than in favour of changing the natural relations of the sex. The greatest evil to English society would be to extend or to encourage that aspect of married life which prevails in the factory districts, or in those agricultural counties where field labour is part of woman's life. Stunted children, a dirty home, social duties neglected, daughters uncared for, the marriage vow slighted, home comforts unknown—these are in practice the results of female labour. In kind, the same consequences would follow in the superior classes, were our middle-rank wives encouraged to be, after the American model, preachers or doctors, wood-engravers or copying-clerks. In fact, it is a degradation of woman to suppose—and this is in plain language the principle involved in Lord BROUGHAM'S Bill—that the marriage relation is only a sexual one, and that, except as a mother of children, the wife is to be "as if she were a *feme sole*."

It seems, then, that at last it is the woman who asks, according to MILTON'S language, whether man is not, after all, the "defect of nature." Lord BROUGHAM'S reform is, in our judgment, a retrograde step in social science, and not an advancement. It narrows and debases the relation of marriage, by depriving it of a community of duties, interests, and affections. The true dignity of woman is attained when she is acknowledged as a help meet for man, honoured by sharing in his duties and cares, but relieved from the necessity of labouring for her own subsistence. When man learns that woman is not dependent on him, and when she claims freedom on the score of her capacities, it may be that women will find to their cost that, in the real struggle of life, they must, in the long run and in the mass, be beaten by the coarser muscles and tougher mental fibres of the dominant sex. A conquered race is seldom treated with much generosity; and if woman descends once more into the character of a domestic Helot, she will have to thank the indiscreet champions of her rights for losing that real dignity which the sex,

under Christian sanctions, has so long enjoyed. Hitherto her true strength has been in her dependence; but it may come to pass that, if she calls attention to the fact, her natural weakness will invite oppression. The relative advantages to the wife—we mean to the class "wife"—of the existing state of things in England, may be understood by recurring to facts. Mr. MACQUEEN, in a recent Blue-book, has given the marriage laws of many European countries. He is speaking not of the pecuniary rights of married women, but of the law of divorce; but his inquiry shows that England, of all countries in Christendom, takes the strictest view of marriage—throws the greatest hindrances in the way of divorce and separation—most completely, as the objection runs, "merges the wife's separate existence in that of her husband." Let this, then, be the test of all legislation on this subject, Which wife has the highest dignity, the largest influence, the greatest happiness—the English wife, or her more independent sister in France, Sweden, or Germany, or even in America?

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

LAST week, in reply to a question whether it was the intention of the Government to introduce during the present session any bill for the more effectual prevention of accidents on railways, Mr. Lowe stated it to be the opinion of Ministers that no legislation was necessary, because the number of railway accidents was yearly decreasing. In the last six months of 1856, there were seven passengers killed and 224 injured—almost all having suffered from accidents owing to passenger trains running into other trains or into engines. These figures are large enough to indicate a terrible amount of individual and domestic misery; but they certainly show that railway travelling is on the whole very safe. We may take the number of passengers who travelled during the same period without injury as not less than seventy millions; and the proportion, therefore, of sufferers, to those who reached their journey's end in safety, is so small as to be very comforting. If all lines on which the traffic is great had but been constructed with side rails for goods trains, the security of passengers would be almost complete. The time will come when this precaution will be generally adopted, and we are glad to see that the North-Western Company proposes to begin at once a third line which shall extend as far as Bletchley, and of which the portion between Watford and Camden Town is to be completed in the present year. The statistics show that the only other source of danger deserving any serious notice is that of passenger trains getting off the rails. Sometimes the accident in this case is due, as was seen in the recent instance at North Shields, to an old and worn-out carriage being attached to an express train; sometimes it arises from carelessness in the driver; and sometimes from a flaw in the machinery which no human foresight could have detected. This last possibility is a very remote one; and although, under the most perfect system, accidents would sometimes take place, there seems to be no reason why increased vigilance should not almost wholly do away with them. Even now there can be no doubt that railway managers work under a very powerful check, and have some responsibility which they dread. This check is the jury-box. As long as juries may be relied on to make a delinquent company pay heavily for its misdoings, directors have every motive to avoid verdicts which not only interfere seriously with dividends, but draw a very unenviable notoriety upon their system of management. Two trials have been held this week which illustrate how great a hold the public has over railway companies in the power of bringing actions to obtain compensation for injuries sustained.

On the 28th of August last, a lady of the name of Mackintosh took tickets at Euston-square, for herself and her daughter, to go from London to Aber, near Bangor. The train, which was a long one, reached Aber at eight o'clock. It stopped at the Aber station, and overlapped the platform at both ends. The carriage in which these ladies were seated remained short of the platform; and immediately beneath the carriage—the line being there raised on an embankment—was a fall of about four feet. The ladies refused to get out, and asked to be taken on, so as to alight on the platform. The train was moved forward, but so much too far that the carriage had passed the platform, and the distance to the ground was as great as that which had frightened them at the first stoppage. The station-master, however, requested them to get out, but they objected; and the young lady said she was sure that her mother could not get out in safety. Mrs. Mackintosh herself said that it was very cruel not to have the train put back, as she was not capable of moving with ease, and that she was sure she should break her legs. The station-master, however, insisted, and finally prevailed, and on his assisting, or rather dragging, Mrs. Macintosh out, she made the attempt. Mrs. Macintosh proved, unfortunately, to be a true prophet, and she broke her leg. The action was brought to obtain compensation for the injury, as being occasioned by the negligence and improper conduct of the station-master. Chief-Justice Cockburn, before whom it was tried, aided the jury in coming to a decision. "If," said his Lordship, in his summing-up, "you think it part of the duty of a station-master to insist on dragging a lady of this description in this manner, for the sake

of despatch, your verdict will be for the defendants." The jury were not likely to adopt so novel a view of the duties of a station-master, and accordingly they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with 450*l.* damages, and expressed an opinion that the station-master had been guilty of gross negligence.

The other case was one of the numerous accidents produced by the collision of a passenger train with a goods train. On the 10th of May last, a mail train on the Chester and Holyhead line ran into a coal and cattle train at the entrance of a tunnel about two miles from Bangor. The plaintiff, a travelling clerk in the service of the Post Office—who was at the time sorting letters in the van—received a blow on his head, ultimately productive of very serious consequences. At first the effect seemed very slight, and he even laughed with the guard at their adventure. But a few days disclosed that something was very much amiss. His brain and spine were affected; he became lightheaded, his memory was impaired, and he was seized with a most distressing weakness of the lower organs. He placed himself under the care of Dr. Gully, at Malvern, and although he derived some benefit from his stay there, yet his health had been permanently deranged. Part of the defence set up was that the plaintiff had wilfully misrepresented his symptoms to Dr. Gully with a view to obtaining larger compensation from the company; but there was nothing in the evidence whatever to justify this insinuation. It being also proved that the goods train had been despatched from Conway only fifteen minutes before the mail train left that station, the defendants wished the jury to believe that this was a very proper and customary interval. Chief-Justice Cockburn, who in this case also was the presiding judge, commented very severely, but very justly, on the defence. "You have been told," he said to the jury, "that it is a constant practice on railways to start a fast train only fifteen minutes after a slow train; but, as a matter of common sense, I, for one, should be sorry to be a passenger." With respect to the unsupported suggestion of the plaintiff's fraud, he said that he could not conceive a charge more scandalously discreditable to a public company. The jury took the same view of the case, and gave 1400*l.* as the damages to be paid to the plaintiff—a sum sufficiently large to make the company a little scrupulous about sending a mail train to catch a coal train.

In neither of these cases can the damages be called excessive. On what principle damages ought to be calculated is not very easy to determine, if all the differences of age, station, habits of life, and pecuniary means are to be taken into account. But common sense guides a jury which hears the whole case to a rough estimate, which in most cases is probably as nearly right as any estimate could be. One point is clear—that no notice should be taken of the actual pecuniary benefit to which the injured person, or his representatives, may be entitled from assurance offices through the very accident which occasions the claim for compensation; and yet the claim for a deduction on account of sums due on policies is invariably made by the counsel for the defendants. If the claim were admitted, other persons—namely, the shareholders of the assurance companies—would simply have to pay for the negligence of the defendants. When the injury causes a distinct pecuniary loss to the plaintiff by incapacitating him from future exertion, the loss will be readily estimated at its money value. Where, for instance, a commercial traveller was prevented from any longer doing anything for his own support, and was proved to be in the receipt of a net income of 300*l.*, and to be forty-eight years of age, the jury, under the guidance of the judge, assessed the damages at 2500*l.*—a liberal but, perhaps, not extreme, sum, under the circumstances. There should also be some compensation for the physical suffering of broken limbs, and the privation entailed by bodily weakness. Mrs. Macintosh was a lady in independent circumstances; but that was no reason why the Company should not be made to pay for dragging her down an embankment and fracturing her leg. Of course, we do not wish to see juries give what are called vindictive damages—it is not their business to select particular instances as opportunities of holding up a general warning, or to furnish terrible examples for the public good. But it is impossible that fair damages, assessed on a liberal estimate of all the circumstances, should not operate as warnings, and we cannot doubt that they actually do. We cannot believe that any portly ladies need hereafter fear alighting at Aber, or that the Chester Company will not in future give their slow trains a minute or two to spare in the escape from their fast trains.

THE COMING COMPETITION.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL is determined not to appoint the judges in the competition for the Public Offices previously to the public exhibition of the designs. We learn this fact, as stated in his reply of Monday night to Lord Robert Cecil, with unfeigned regret. However carefully selected the tribunal may be, and however ably the body may fulfil its delegation, still the task will not be *res integra*. The irregular, half-informed, capricious voice of popular favouritism will have found its utterance, and rare must be the felicity of the Minister who does not, however unjustly, incur the charge of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, when the character of the designs and the antecedents of the judges are compared together. We put it to Sir Benjamin Hall, as a question of common prudence and self-defence, that, as there is absolutely nothing to be gained by the line of con-

duct which he has marked out for himself, it would be as well, while he can still do so with dignity, to change his policy. It cannot be urged that the prepublication of the names would tend to make the architects design up to the known prepossessions of the judges, rather than with a view to the advantage of the public service. We disposed last week of this argument. The board, if properly struck, must be one which will, as a whole, neutralize the too-pronounced opinions of its individual members. But to the architect who condescends to stake his prospect of success upon so precarious a venture, there is a far more seductive prospect open in the gullibility of the general public. We use a very strong word, but we do so advisedly, and because there really is no other in the language which so precisely indicates our meaning. In spite of the prohibition of colour in the geometrical elevations, yet, in the style of getting them out, and in the manipulation of the perspectives, so wide a field exists for all the tricks of art, that we venture to predict that not a few competitors will succeed in dazzling the eye of popular ignorance by drawings in which more accurate observers will find nothing to admire but the skill and the hardihood of the draftsman. It is no reproach to the public to be thus gullible. Architecture is a science full of technical rules and practical requirements which are necessarily imperceptible and unintelligible except to those who have made its laws their study. But to erect popular ignorance into a tribunal of the first resort, by giving it time to speak and form its preferences before the adjudicators are named, is to invert the most obvious considerations, not merely of art, but of common sense.

After all, the time—unduly wasted as we have held, and do still hold it to be—for sending in the drawings is now so near at hand that the character of each competitor's designs is doubtless, long before this, stamped in all its essential features, so that the actual nomination of the judges could not affect the quality of the coming competition. But the question is of moment to the position of the future judges themselves, and of that executive from whom their nomination emanates. On the selection being made previously or subsequently to the designs being sent in and exhibited, hinges the question of complete or incomplete independence of ignorant interference; while the critical sifting which the award of the judges will be sure to encounter is guarantee sufficient for the proper exercise of their powers. The Board will go to work conscious of having to give the reason why of its award to a large and miscellaneous troop of inquirers—many of them irritated by a failure which, to themselves at least, will be unexpected. With this in front, and no popular bias behind to tempt them to a less courageous course, they will stand in that position which is most conducive, according to the ordinary rules of human motives, to a good result. Feeling that they will be best able to defend that of which they are best convinced, their award will be the reflex of their convictions.

What Sir Benjamin may ultimately do with regard to the composition of the judges, we could hardly make out from the very guarded language of his reply, which, in the *Times* at least, bears evident marks of being misreported. The more carefully he studies the matter, the more difficult will he find it to discover professional men of eminence sufficiently free from bias to render them at once fitting and acceptable as judges. There is the bias of well-known preference of style, the bias of co-operation in architectural societies, the bias of well-known friendship, and that of equally conspicuous antagonism, combined in either case with such an acquaintance with the style of other leading architects, as must—to professional architects, at least—render the anonymousness of the English-side of the Exhibition a mere delusive form. There is, above all things, the awkwardness of being placed, by external authority, in a position of temporary superiority over that body of equals to whom, the contest ended, the architect-judge will have to re-descend. The failure of the recent competition for the Library at Liverpool, in which the competing architects themselves were judges—though we grant that it was a very extreme application of the principle—is yet, in its degree, a proof of the undesirableness of professional adjudication. All the practical good which could, under the most impossibly favourable circumstances, result from such an arrangement, is to be found in the assessorship of skilled surveyors. To this expedient, and a well-selected Board of amateurs, Sir Benjamin Hall will, if he values the success of his great experiment, most wisely betake himself. He will every day more clearly learn that any other arrangement is fraught with discouragement, heartburning, and miscarriage.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES ON BRITISH INDIA.

SOME articles on *Les Anglais et l'Inde*, which have lately appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the signature of M^{re} Fridolin, are in every way so remarkable that they appear to us well worthy of being introduced to the notice of our readers. They are long and elaborate, and are obviously written by a man who has an intimate personal acquaintance with his subject. M. Fridolin informs us that he has long been a resident in India; and he writes with the information, and even not without some of the prejudices which are occasionally displayed by the members of the Civil Service themselves. We will begin by noticing a few of these blemishes.

M. Fridolin commences with an account of the terms of admission to the Civil Service, as they are now, and as they were

before the institution of the system of examination. He will, we feel sure, thank us for correcting an inaccuracy of some importance into which he has fallen on this subject. He is mistaken in supposing that the successful candidates are to go through a further course of education at Haileybury. They are sent out to India as soon as they are chosen, and Haileybury will cease to exist at the end of the present year. M. Fridolin regrets the change. It appears to him "nothing else than a concession to the levelling and anti-hereditary spirit of the present day." He considers that under the old system a certain number of families looked upon India as a sort of patrimony, and felt a kind of traditional interest in the maintenance of the policy there established. We cannot agree with him. The characteristic peculiarity of English politics is to use all principles as they apply—to have hereditary officers for some functions, to leave other appointments to patronage, and to throw others open to competition. All these modes of action have their proper places, and though we are anything but enthusiastic for the principle of examinations, and though we think that much absurd cant is talked about them, we feel that if it is ever to be applied, it should be applied to Indian appointments. With every respect for M. Fridolin's opinion, we feel convinced that the notion of hereditary belief in certain opinions is quite unfounded; and the hereditary conviction of all jobbers, that it is the great end of Government to provide for their younger sons, appears to us to be very questionable. Besides this, it is a little inconsistent in M. Fridolin to consider Indian patronage as the great safety-valve by which England rids itself of revolutionary spirits, and yet to wish to see its distribution depend upon personal favour. Younger sons and briefless barristers, he thinks, are too clever by half, and would have overturned the English Constitution in 1793 and 1848, if they had not been kept from doing so by Eastern patronage. If so, it is surely as well to devise a machinery which will deliver us of the ablest members of that amiable class, instead of retaining a system which must exasperate them by postponing their interests to those of any booby fortunate enough to bear one of the names—mostly Scotch—which constituted the hereditary claim to Indian preferment. Scotch lams may make better civil servants than English or Irish wolves; but if the object is to get rid of the latter, it can hardly be obtained by a plan for promoting the former. We feel, however, that M. Fridolin greatly—though not, perhaps, unnaturally—exaggerates the danger in question. Catiline and Cethegus were utterly un-English characters. Neither our faults nor our virtues are those of political fanatics. The education given at our public schools and universities is the best of all antidotes to romance of any kind. A man who has passed six years in being kicked, flogged, and drilled in scanning Latin verses and rowing at Eton, and three years more in grinding up mathematics and philology at Oxford or Cambridge, is about the last man in the world to "descend into the streets," or to die for his country, or for any other consideration whatever, if he can possibly avoid it. If an Englishman of twenty-three has taken his education kindly, he is a man of sense who knows a good deal of the world—if he has taken it ill, he is apt to be selfish, harsh, and cynical. But not one educated Englishman in a thousand has what a Frenchman calls *illusions*, especially political illusions. Some of us are too wise, and the rest too selfish, to wish to see the sky fall that we may have a share of the larks. It is our common boast, or our common shame, that no generation of men has less "non-sense" about them.

The only other point on which we should be disposed to differ from M. Fridolin, is the tone in which he speaks of the moral aspects of our Indian policy. He refers several times to the ruin which the influence of "the Saints of Exeter Hall" at the Colonial Office has brought upon our other colonies. He says that, of all our colonial possessions, India alone flourishes, and that "the Saints" would destroy that too if they had a chance. We have never been sparing of the faults of the party at which these sneers are directed; but if M. Fridolin means to say, that the party which was principally instrumental in abolishing slavery in the West Indies did not thereby confer one of the greatest of blessings on the country at large, we totally differ from him. No doubt much vapid eloquence was used, and much cheap virtue displayed, on that occasion; but it would be most unjust to deny, that some of the highest efforts of nobleness, courage, and self-sacrifice on record were made in the same cause. And, whatever may be thought of the means by which the measure was carried, there can be no sort of doubt that, apart from the advantage of being free from the moral guilt of maintaining so cruel a system as negro slavery, the political benefits which have accrued to us in being rid of servile insurrections, and of the fear of an ignominious contest with the United States, would be cheaply purchased by a rise in the price of sugar, even if it attained the proportions of a penny per pound. As to the ruin of the other colonies—the Cape, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have thriven pretty well under "the Saints." Indeed, M. Fridolin must admit, that if our colonies are or were governed by "Saints," they were Saints who had not quite forgotten their old trade of ruling the earth.

These remarks, however, quite exhaust our list of objections to M. Fridolin's articles, and we can recommend them to our readers as a very lively, full, and most rational account of the subject. Much of his information—new and impor-

tant no doubt to those for whom it was intended—is familiar to all Englishmen who have given even a cursory attention to the subject; but the general character of his verdict on our Indian Empire is valuable as the evidence of an unprejudiced and yet competent witness, and may serve as a timely rebuke to much foolish and ignorant speculation on the subject, which has obtained a certain currency in our own country.

M. Fridolin's general testimony as to the character of our Government is most satisfactory. He says that, on the whole, and making allowances for the peculiarity of the relative position of the governors and the governed, India enjoys under English rule a degree of good government which it never enjoyed before. The preservation of the peace, the administration of justice, and the security of property were never in so flourishing a condition under any native power whatever; but this prosperity is only relative, and not absolute. The amount of crime committed in India is fearful. The average of committals may not be greater in proportion to the number of the population than in England or France; but, as M. Fridolin very strikingly, and we doubt not very truly remarks, the whole of Indian private life is covered by an impenetrable veil of mystery. The general mass of the population have little confidence in the Government, and no sympathy with it. The atrocities which are not discovered can only be guessed at from the number of those which are; and the accidental detection, from time to time, of whole classes of professional criminals previously quite unknown, is a most unpleasant symptom of the degree of corruption which may be at work under the surface. The existence of the sect of the Thugs was not discovered till about 1830; and one of the prisoners admitted with complacency that he had committed 779 murders, and that, but for twelve years wasted in prison, he should soon, by the grace of Bowhance, have reached 1000.

The efficiency of the means employed for the suppression of crime is greatly diminished by the utter want of truth which characterizes every part of native society. The experience of every lawyer who sees anything of the appeals which are brought before the Privy Council will confirm M. Fridolin's assertion, that the common assumption that evidence is true, is altogether out of place in Indian Courts. He gives some illustrations of this, which, but for such experience, would seem almost incredible. Some years back, a rich farmer was accused of having killed a man in a quarrel. Twenty-five witnesses swore that they had seen him commit the act—thirty others swore that at the time in question they had seen the prisoner at a place many miles off—and the fact ultimately proved to be, that though not guilty of the crime, he was in a house close by when it was committed. Indeed, as the price of a false witness is on an average an *anna*, or 3d., these hostile arrays of liars might be multiplied to any conceivable extent. In civil matters the extent of fraud is equally great. On being asked whether the European residents used false testimony, in their law-suits, the well-known merchant Dwarkanauth Tagore answered, "Yes, I am obliged to have recourse to fraudulent means to protect my interests, and the European residents must do as I do." This evil tells with most fatal effect on the police of the country. Its organization is considered by M. Fridolin as the great blot on the character of the English Government in India. Bengal is divided into as many as 469 *thanahs*, each under the command of a *darogah*. The *thanah* is a district containing a population of perhaps 80,000 souls; and the *darogah* is an officer paid from 5*l.* to 10*l.* a month, and at the head of an establishment not unlike an Irish police barrack, the garrison of which is composed of fifteen privates and two officers. All these men are natives, and it is their duty, on the commission of a crime, to make inquiries and to arrest criminals. The whole establishment consists of natives, and nothing can exceed the brutality and extortion of which they are occasionally guilty. Our readers will remember the frightful accounts of torture inflicted on the native population under English authority which were published some time ago, and have been so frequently thrown in our teeth by hostile foreign critics. These atrocities were performed almost entirely by the native police, and by other native agents, acting in direct violation of their orders, though in compliance with the immemorial abuses of their native country. M. Fridolin tells a dreadful story in illustration of the character of this system. A murder having been committed, and the murderers having escaped detection, the magistrate of the district offered the place of *darogah* to one of his subordinates on condition of the discovery of the criminal. The first step which this zealous person took was to offer a reward of 100 rupees to any one who would accuse himself of the murder. Two men were found who accepted the proposal, and were on their own confession, confirmed by the evidence of numerous witnesses, committed for trial. On their trial they retracted their confession, saying that they had merely signed papers without knowing their contents; but the witnesses persisted in their story, and the prisoners were condemned to death. Then they told all, but they would infallibly have been executed if they had not proved that they were in prison for another offence at the time of the murder.

It must not, however, be supposed that the author sees nothing but faults in the native character. His evidence on this subject is so honourable that we give it in his own words:—

A lady of much tact, before whom I had been branding the immorality of the Indian population, with the most virtuous indignation asked me one day the following questions:—"In your illnesses have not you found in these

lying and rascally servants, whom you have just been anathematizing with so much eloquence, the most attentive and delicate attentions? If you admitted into your house in Europe as many servants as we are surrounded with in India, and that, as we do here, without characters or guarantees of any sort, do not you think that the robberies of which you would be the victim would be of very different importance from those of the few stockings and half-dozen pair of socks which are annually missing from your wardrobe? Does it not happen every day that young girls just arrived from Europe make the longest journeys to rejoin their families alone, unprotected, and unable to speak a single word of the languages of the country? Once, twice, or thrice a day, in a journey which often lasts for months, she sees the dozen savages who carry her palanquin and baggage changed, and yet there never was a case in which a white woman has been insulted by a word or a gesture."

We are unable even to refer to all the interesting information which is contained in M. Fridolin's articles. There is a curious account of the native and English system of education, a curious summary of the history of the Thugs and of the state of infanticide, and a very satisfactory statement of the character of the public works undertaken by the Government. The Great Trunk Road, 950 miles long, the Canal of the Ganges, and the railways already made and now in progress, go far to do away with the old reproach that, if our empire fell to-morrow, a few years would destroy all traces of its existence.

We may say, in conclusion, that the tenderness and respect with which M. Fridolin speaks of institutions which have accomplished so much under such difficulties will be fully appreciated by Englishmen in general. We only hope that it will teach popular libellers of their country to acknowledge the fact that a man may be a public servant without being a fool; and that if our Government makes mistakes enough to give a point, which they would otherwise want, to sneers about "circumlocution," we have still got men capable of developing and of administering the resources of a great empire, and of substituting a very considerable degree of security and order for a state of chronic rapine and confusion.

REVIEWS.

TWO YEARS AGO.*

WHEN a novel is written by an author of Mr. Kingsley's reputation, we are saved much of the trouble which attends ordinary criticism. We need not tell the story of a book which every one is sure to read, nor praise excellences which every one is sure to discover. We will therefore only say generally that this appears to us much the best work that Mr. Kingsley has written—that the writing is graphic, and the plot interesting. The book throughout bears the stamp of originality, and is wonderfully full of all kinds of matter—of new characters, new scenes, and of a morality which is a little obtrusive, perhaps, but has the merit of being keenly felt by the author, and of being much more true than most morality that is current. We all know by this time what is the task that Mr. Kingsley has made especially his own—it is that of spreading the knowledge and fostering the love of a muscular Christianity. His ideal is a man who fears God and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours—who, in the language which Mr. Kingsley has made popular, breathes God's free air on God's rich earth, and at the same time can hit a woodcock, doctor a horse, and twist a poker round his fingers. We should be sorry to say that this ideal is not a very good ideal; and as there is, or has been, a tendency to speak of religious men as effeminate, and to connect coarseness with field sports, we may thank a man who labours to show that the good may be bold, and the bold good. Certainly nothing can give a stronger notion of the rapid changes which take place in public opinion than to find that original black beast, the hunting parson, held up as the truest type of earthly and saintly excellence. But why should man put asunder what God has permitted to be joined? There is no satisfactory reason why a man should not come home from a good run with the brush in one pocket, and a prayer-book in another. Therefore, let Mr. Kingsley encourage us all to pursue the path that leads to so blessed a possibility. He does but set before us the picture of that which, if we reflect, we must all pronounce to be a rare but admirable combination. We cannot deny that he lays on the colours rather thick, but that is unavoidable if a strong impression is to be created in many thousand minds, each of a different cast. No novel-writer who has a distinct moral purpose to work out, and a definite theory to unfold, can be exactly true to life. We must be content if he is sufficiently near to life to interest us and to make his teaching palatable.

The distinctive feature of *Two Years Ago* seems to be the separation of those component parts of character about which the author chiefly interests himself. He takes each part by itself, and works out its leading features in the representation of a single person. He does not exhibit a hero with many virtues and some failings, but he has a distinct individual to embody each phase of that in the human heart of which he has most knowledge, or for which he feels most sympathy. Instead of a model man, skilled in writing, strong in body, and edifying in his religious teaching, he gives us a literary man, a modern Hercules, and a country clergyman, each with the good and bad qualities which are respectively likely to be found in them.

* *Two Years Ago*. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

The success of such a method is its only justification; but we must say that Mr. Kingsley has been so successful as to show that his genius for fiction may be relied on even when he attempts difficulties that have often puzzled acknowledged masters of the art. The great danger of drawing characters meant to illustrate a single and peculiar type is, lest the artistic effort should be so apparent as to dispel the illusion of romance, and shock too violently all notions of probability. Mr. Kingsley has shown that he can surmount this trial; and his typical characters are at least natural enough to interest us in their fortunes. Perhaps the author's ultimate aim—that, namely, of demonstrating how fatal it is to separate one of these admired kinds of excellence from the others—is not very satisfactorily worked out. The characters are screwed round rather than gradually bent into their right places; but this is a fault which the teaching of novels is apt to have. In real life, characters that undergo a change are altered so that the child is still the father of the man—in novels, the grown, reclaimed, and perfected man is always made to be the son of some one else than his former self.

Mr. Kingsley has seldom drawn a better character than that of Elsley Vavasour, the literary man of *Two Years Ago*. He has raised himself by writing poems; and, sinking under a euphonious pseudonym his original vocation of a pill-boy, and his patronymic, Briggs, he has, before the story opens, secured the hand of the sister of an Irish viscount. Poverty makes the romantic couple very glad to accept the offer of a house in a remote village of Western England; and there the poet lives, thirsting for the excitement of London, turning the scenes of nature into subjects for poetry, and gradually getting tired of his wife. The description of the slow advance of conjugal unhappiness is admirably given. The foolish quarrels, the contempt of the husband for his wife's domestic employments, the indignation of the wife at having to work like a servant without receiving even the wages of gratitude, the reserve that springs up through the husband's silly concealment of his real name—and beneath all, the true, fervent, devoted constancy of the wife to her husband, simply because he is her husband—form a whole that equally deserves attention, whether we look at it for instruction, or for the pleasure of contemplating artistic success. Mr. Kingsley also takes this occasion to express the result of his reflections on one or two of the more obvious failings to which a writer vain, shallow, but still enthusiastic, and enjoying a reputation that is not wholly undeserved, is more especially prone. When an awful storm drives death and destruction on the shore of the little village, Elsley Vavasour watches the occurrence as if it were a picture, and collects materials for a new poem, to be called *The Wreck*. Certainly the habit of viewing scenery or events of human interest as materials for verse-making or eloquent description is too common to leave us in want of examples to which the proceedings of Vavasour may be applied; and if we attempted to trace the remote consequences of this habit, we should be carried through many of the more disputable beauties of modern composition with a growing sense of distrust and disapprobation. Nor is there less to be commended in Mr. Kingsley's observations on the position which such a man as Vavasour holds in English society. Vavasour, in the early days of his notoriety, was proud of the notice of humble coteries, of entering unostentatious drawing-rooms, and being the pet of literary ladies. As he became better known, he made his way into the circles of the great and the fashionable world, and received the flattering tribute conveyed in an acquaintance more or less intimate with women of the best birth and the highest education. On this point Mr. Kingsley seems to us to have hit the exact truth. If a man cares for applause, he is foolish not to get the best kind of applause in his power—if he wants women to worship him, it is better to have a woman at his feet who has practised every grace from her cradle. For the poet or the novelist, as for every one else, society has certain rewards to offer; and the higher the society, the higher, and therefore the more desirable, the rewards. If praise from any lips but those of a real judge is an object, it is better that it should fall from the mouth of a veteran statesman or a countess than from the mouth of a country squire and his wife. But Mr. Kingsley's experience teaches him that there are men who are above wishing for promiscuous praise, and the recompense of pretty smiles. Whatever language we may hold about the matter, or however we may refine, we remain sure that it is the weak and not the strong man who longs for these rewards. Directly a man begins to regard the best thoughts of his brain and heart as keys which he will use to unlock certain doors otherwise closed to him, he falls short of the standard to which he might attain. Directly the literary man or the country clergyman begins to measure his success by his powers of entering the doors of the great, or by his chances of preferment, he has begun to sink out of the rank of the truly noble and honest—he inspires a painful feeling that he does not in his inmost heart believe that the things of which he speaks are "more to be desired than fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb." His readers will peruse with the utmost eagerness his most beautiful descriptions of heaven and earth, when they have once taken it into their heads that those descriptions are but the goods he brings to market in exchange for champagne or a deanery.

Tom Thurnall is the muscular man of the drama; and there never was so perfect a physical hero. He has been in every

country, survived every species of disease, can perform any feat of strength, and knows every secret of practical success. He is the mainstay of the plot, and is never introduced without giving vigour and life to the scenes in which he plays a part. Especially we may remark that his conversation is excellent—he talks in character, and is always shrewd, piquant, forcible, and prudent. He is all that Mr. Kingsley loves in man, except that he is too self-reliant, and has not accepted the very liberal and genial Christianity which it is the aim of the Rector of Eversley to instil into his fellow creatures. He is constantly showing himself superior to the literary man and the parson, and teaching them how they ought to act; and so it is no wonder that he finds in himself all that he needs. He resists all attempts to soften him, until within three pages of the end of the third volume, when his views of life are altered by his being made a prisoner in Circassia. He explains that he should have held out in a state of spiritual hardness against so natural a trial as being made a prisoner by the Russians, against whom he has gone to fight; but that he has been melted by the aggravating consideration that he has been imprisoned by an ally, and that his captivity was all a mistake. This fortuitous conversion of the muscular hero is somewhat of a *tour de force*; and we should have preferred his coming into the right path by a more ordinary channel.

The parson is a young gentleman holding opinions not very popular, who is at last taught, by the stern lesson of the cholera, "not to damn his parishioners," and who goes through some very pretty love-making with a very gay young lady. Of this love-making, and of the lady who submits to it, we can only speak in terms of unqualified praise; but in some of the minor characters of the tale, and their performances, there is more of the conventional and melodramatic than Mr. Kingsley might be expected to endure. We have an impossible village school-mistress, with unearthly beauty, and an unearthly insight into the things of the other world—we have the old familiar stage banker, ruddy, fresh, cheerful, with his bottles of favourite port, his pockets jingling with money, and his only daughter—lastly, we have what is the only bad part of the book, an American group of a runaway slave and a luxurious Epicurean, her admirer, with attendant performers furthering or hindering their union. That Mr. Kingsley should have allowed this part of the work to stand, is really remarkable. Marie, the slave, who has come to Europe, and electrified every capital with her acting, will not accept the love of her suitor unless he will, as she expresses it, "take up the Quest of the Sangreal." By this she means to intimate that he should join the Abolition party in America. When we came to the passage in which he is stimulated to the enterprise, we feared lest Mr. Kingsley was going to enter seriously on a very dangerous and unfortunate subject. It is not the place of an English novelist to take up one side of American politics, and to talk about adopting it as the quest of the Sangreal. Such writing only embitters feelings already sufficiently bitter. Chartism is a political creed which many Americans might fancy they should unhesitatingly adopt if placed in circumstances which they think so humiliating as those of the English poor. What should we think of an American romance in which an English lady was represented as withholding her love, unless her lover would go in quest of the Sangreal of the Charter? Mr. Kingsley has evidently suffered himself to be carried away by the anti-slavery *furor*, fashionable a few months ago—a feeling carefully to be distinguished from the deep-rooted aversion with which we hope every Englishman regards slavery as an institution. But Mr. Kingsley can make nothing of the subject. The quest of the Sangreal turns out to be the merest farce—neither the lover nor the lady has the remotest notion how they ought to set about it. The lover yields to the urgency of his mistress, and, after long self-conflicts, offers in the handsomest manner to go on the quest; and so the lady marries him, as she was bound to do. But with marriage their little bit of dramatic business is over. They settle down very quietly in England, and at the end of the book the Abolitionist is seen established as a hunting-man in Berkshire.

There are many pictures of scenery in the work, powerfully written, and displaying accurate observation and great knowledge of what is to be seen in nature, but with the fault of being too elaborate. We know that they are written as fine passages, and they rather plunge us into an abyss of eloquent description than call up a distinct image before our eyes. There is a whole chapter, called "Nature's Melodrama," in which Mr. Kingsley seems to be amusing himself with trying how much his readers will really stand. The literary gent goes up a Welsh mountain by moonlight, and Mr. Kingsley runs riot with all the extravagances that a fertile brain and fluent pen can hit off about rays, and clouds, and mists, and cross effects of shade, and thunder and lightning. Mr. Kingsley also seems to us to overdo the technical accuracy of his description. Certainly, if a man undertakes to give word-paintings of nature, he should be a good botanist; but it is rather a bore to have, in a single paragraph, twelve or fourteen hard names of plants, with rapturous epithets interspersed. Still, there are very few men who, on the whole, can describe as Mr. Kingsley can; and the many readers of *Two Years Ago* who have been at Beddgelert may see, in the description given in the book of that place and the adjacent scenery, how full and lively is the impression which the face and form of nature make on the mind of a man who is at once a naturalist and a poet.

OLMSTED'S TEXAS.*

WE noticed, some weeks since, Mr. Olmsted's *Journey in the Slave States*; and we feel great pleasure in meeting him again as the author of *A Journey through Texas*. As far as we can judge from his style, both of thought and of writing, it would be difficult to find a more reasonable, trustworthy, or intelligent witness upon some of the most remarkable questions of the day. As an argument against slavery, his book seems to us worth any number of *Uncle Tom's Cabins*; for he writes upon the subject without noise or passion, and contents himself with stating in a simple manner what he has observed, and what conclusions he has founded upon his observations. He is, moreover, a man of large and statesmanlike views. He wishes well, not only to the prosperity of the North, but to that of the South also, and deprecates in the strongest manner measures which, in his opinion, would endanger the Union or the preservation of the peace in the Slave States. A "Letter to a Southern Friend," which is prefixed to the volume by way of preface, seems to us a model of clear temperate argument on the subject, illustrating the economical side of the question in a very forcible, and, to us at least, novel manner. From a great number of curious statements upon this subject, we would select for special notice his assertion that slavery, sooner or later, inevitably involves slave proprietors in debt; because, in order to avoid slave rebellions, and doubtless also to extend political influence, it is the policy of the South to enlarge the area of Slave territory far beyond the requirements of any commercial or agricultural purpose, and in order to have the means of carrying out this ruinous system, it is necessary to be always borrowing and never paying. One of the results of this state of things is, that the white population leave the Slave for the Free States to such an extent that there have been six times as many immigrants from the South to the North as from the North to the South.

The body of Mr. Olmsted's book consists of notes of a journey from Baltimore, by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans, and thence on horseback through various parts of Texas. It consumed the winter of 1855 and the early part of 1856. Texas is the south-east corner of the United States, and includes a territory of 274,362 square miles, which is larger than England and France put together, or than the aggregate of Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and all New England. Under the Resolution of Annexation, it is at no distant time to be divided into as many as five distinct States, the boundaries and names of which are not as yet settled. The population at present amounts to upwards of 400,000 souls, of whom more than a quarter are slaves. The additional political influence which the accession of so large a number of Slave States will give to the South, throws a curious light on the real motives which have actuated the slavery party, in pushing so warmly the various measures of annexation. It proves that the real object of those measures, which have often produced so much surprise in this country, was the extension of slavery. The Slave States are well aware that they are inferior to the Free States, in wealth, in population, and in energy. They can therefore only hope to maintain the superiority which their superior political experience has put into their hands by increasing, at the expense of any amount of unjust aggression, the number of the States south of the line of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Olmsted's description of his journey is very entertaining, but it is made up entirely of memoranda of characteristic incidents and conversations, which are printed in separate sections, and with no other arrangement than that which is given to them by the order of time. The great leading features of his observations, however, stand out distinctly enough, and we will attempt to indicate their nature.

The white population of that part of Texas through which Mr. Olmsted travelled is in a condition which cannot be considered in any way satisfactory. The American settlers are almost universally cotton planters, depending entirely upon black labour for the raising of their crops. The climate is perfectly well adapted for free labourers; but where free and slave labour come into competition, the white men are sure to sink, sooner or later, to that degraded condition which is emphatically described by the expressive phrase "white trash." The consequence of this is, that a plantation is inhabited almost exclusively by the white owner and the black servants, and the results of this mode of settling a new country are exceedingly curious and characteristic. The slaves are lazy, careless, and totally destitute of any interest in their occupation. The white man sinks to their level, being distinguished from them only by a sort of barbaric superiority. He loses all the tastes and all the wants of civilized life. He dwells in a miserable log house, in which the wind whistles through innumerable holes and crevices. He lives upon "pones," or cakes made of the meal of Indian corn, stirred with water and salt, and baked in a kettle covered with coals. The only addition to this is pork, fresh or salt, and a certain quantity of sweet potatoes. Wheat bread Mr. Olmsted met with only twice throughout his journey. Life passes away with most of these people in a monotonous,

* *A Journey through Texas; or, a Winter of Saddle and Camp Life in the Border Country of the United States and Mexico.* By Frederick Law Olmsted, Author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1857.

semi-barbarous prosperity. Mr. Olmsted fell in with one man who had the opportunity of being a planter, but "he did not fancy it, it was too much trouble. He was not going to slave himself, looking after niggers." So he lived idly, working about a month in the year, and lounging about unemployed for the other eleven. "When he felt like it," he got on his horse and looked after his cattle, but that was only amusement. He raised a little corn, and lived in a rough log house, which was so cold that his wife cooked the dinner in her bonnet and shawl, and Mr. Olmsted's thermometer, which was kept during the night in saddle-bags used as a pillow, stood at 25° in the morning. Wherever slavery existed, comfort seemed to be unknown, and labour to be despised.

The relation of the white to the black population is what might be expected. Mr. Olmsted and his fellow-travellers were constantly asked by persons whom they happened to meet whether they had seen runaway slaves. Mexico is to the slaves of Texas what Canada is to those of the more northerly Slave States. The prairies are continually traversed by runaways, whose apprehension brings two hundred dollars a-head to their captors. A certain number of persons earn a sort of livelihood by hunting them, and eke it out by robbing travellers. Some of Mr. Olmsted's stories on this head are very curious. Under press of weather one night, at a rough sort of inn, he had much talk with a man out nigger-hunting. He had bought "a first-rate nigger—a real black nigger"—cheap, because he had a trick of running away of which his old master could not break him. He had run away, and his master was in pursuit. "Night before last," he said, "I engaged with a man who's got some first-rate nigger dogs to meet me here to-night," but the cold kept him away. The nigger, he added, had a double-barrelled gun. One of the guests who was inclined to speculate in nigger-catching, asked if he was likely to use it. The master thought he would. "He was as humble a nigger when at work as ever he had seen; but he was a mighty resolute nigger—there was no man had more resolution." Still the speculator asked, might not he get the gun away from him if he "talked to him simple," and "finally asked him what he had got for a gun, and to let him look at it." The owner thought not—"he was a nigger of sense—as much sense as a white man—not one of your kinkey-headed niggers." The effect of slavery on education is illustrated by various stories. A planter had a son of eight years old, who caught his father's tone with precocious fidelity:—

We heard him whipping his puppy behind the house, and swearing between the blows, his father and mother being at hand. His tone was an evident imitation of his father's mode of dealing with his slaves.—"I've got an account to settle with you; I've let you go about long enough; I'll teach you who's your master; there, go now, God damn you, but I hav'n't got through with you yet." "You stop that cursing," said his father, at length; "it is not right for little boys to curse." "What do you do when you get mad?" replied the boy; "reckon you cuss some; so now you'd better shut up."

Slavery is not the only brutalizing element in Texan life. The original settlers who brought about the annexation were a very rough, ill-conditioned set. "G. T. T. (gone to Texas) was the slang appellation," a few years back, "to every man's name who had disappeared before the discovery of some rascality." A writer who gave an account of Texan society in 1831, says:—"It is nothing uncommon of us to inquire of a man why he ran away from the States; but few people feel insulted by such a question. They generally answer, for some crime or other which they have committed." On their arrival in Texas, the G.T.T.'s told such enormous lies as to the prospects and possessions which they had left behind them, that one old man, by way of rebuke, once told a party of them how he had gone on telling the same story about the property he had left behind him so often that he at last came to believe it; and he added that he actually set out to look for it, stopping only because he reflected, on arriving at the limits of the States, that after all he had no property, and that if he entered the States' territory in search of it, he should be hanged.

The most curious part of Mr. Olmsted's book is that which refers to the German settlements in Texas. They have a numerous, and a very prosperous population. Slavery is unknown amongst them, and their villages are models of comfort and cleanliness. A great number of the exiles of 1848 settled here, and the consequence is that the tone of education amongst them is remarkably high. Mr. Olmsted is a great admirer of their general character, and he says that nothing can be more curious than the absolute freedom, not only of political condition, but of mind, which exists amongst them. No doubt, a society of gentlemen turned farmers and hunters must be an exceptional and temporary phenomenon; but it is pleasant to learn that after such a storm, so many persons have run into so safe and commodious a harbour.

Mr. Olmsted prolonged his journey into Mexico, but he did not go far into the country. His accounts of it do not differ materially from those which we have seen by other authors. He confirms Mr. Ruxton's account of the manner in which the whites allow the Indians to domineer over them. He has no love at all for the Indians, and can see nothing either admirable or picturesque about them. We will conclude with one of his stories, which is too good to be omitted:—

"Why do people who write books," said his guide, "always make Indians talk in that hifalutiny way they do? Indians don't talk so; and when folks talk that way to them, they don't understand it. They don't like it neither. I went up with Lieutenant —, when he tried to make a treaty with the northern Apaches. He had been talking up in the clouds—all nonsense—for

half an hour, and I was trying to translate it just as foolish as he said it. An old Indian jumped up, and stopped me. 'What does your chief talk to us in this way for? We ain't babies—we are fighting men: if he has got anything to tell us, we will hear it; but we didn't come here to be amused—we came to be made drunk, and to get some brandy and tobacco.'

GERMAN SONGS.*

THIS work consists of a series of translations from the German. Its author, Mr. Dülcken, has, in a great many instances, inserted the original, as well as his own version, of the songs and ballads on which he has exerted his skill. What may have been his precise object, if he had any, in publishing the volume, we have not been able to determine; but to us it seems that its chief use will be to serve as a stepping-stone from English to German. The study of poems like these, which are for the most part short and easy—or at least do not present those difficulties of construction which puzzle a beginner in German—is perhaps among the very best methods of commencing that language. To struggle across the *disjecta membra* of a *Delectus*, or "first reading-book," is about as pleasant as to climb over the *scoria* of Vesuvius; but each song in a work of this description becomes, when once understood, a pleasure and a possession. We question, indeed, whether the study of short poems is not the best introduction to any language. "The muse of another tongue," as has been well said, "is never wooed in vain." With regard to German in particular, songs and ballads, using these words in their widest acceptation, form one of the most important parts of the national literature. The influence of the religious lyrics of the sixteenth century on the great reawakening of intellect, was incalculable. The songs of his poets did as much for the Great Frederic as her Pandours and hussars did for Maria Theresa. In 1813, the pen of Körner and his associates followed up what the snows of Russia had begun; and no one can spend any time in Germany without seeing how the whole life of its people is penetrated by the well-sung thoughts of Uhland, Heine, Geibel, and Rückert, to say nothing of Goethe and Schiller. Amongst the innumerable modern writers whose songs have become popular of late years in Germany, Mr. Dülcken calls especial attention to those of Reinick, with which, we regret to say, we are not acquainted. He translates several of them, but does not, unfortunately, give the original of any. One is a weird game-law ballad, which it is curious to compare with others of home growth.

Some of our readers may possibly be interested to know that amongst the contributors to the recent poetry of Germany is no less a person than the Freiherr von Jellachich, Ban of Croatia. His poems, printed thirty years ago for private circulation, were published in 1851, in a volume got up with exquisite taste, and printed at the Court printing-office in Vienna, for the benefit of a military charity. One verse has always struck us as very remarkable, when we consider how brilliant was the destiny of the man who, in youth and sickness, wrote these words:—

Ein und zwanzig Frühlinge zu leben!
Einst so reich mit Muth und Kraft versehn,
Und nun, Alles Alles dahin geben,
Menschheit, kannst du meine Qual verstehn?

We quote these lines not for their merit, though the poem from which they are taken is not without merit, but on account of their historical interest, and because such things, cast upon the world, sometimes give comfort where it is needed.

The first place in Mr. Dülcken's collection is given, not unjustly, to Military and Patriotic Songs. These are represented by Schiller's Count Eberhard, Körner's Battle-prayer, Arndt's German Fatherland, and "Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess," with several other pieces which are universally known. Most of these are translated with considerable spirit, but rather too roughly. Mr. Dülcken has judiciously introduced several poems which, although in themselves of little worth, have yet some historical importance. Such is the old camp-song, "Als die Preussen marschirten vor Prag," which commemorates the death of Schwerin at the moment of victory. "Fredericus Rex," by Wilibald Alexis, imitates both the spirit and the ruggedness of these old ditties. Those of our readers who know the sort of stories which the Berliners even at this day delight to tell of old Fritz, will appreciate the rough humour of the following lines:—

Nun adjo, Lowise, Lowise wisch ab dein Gesicht,
Jedwedige Kugel die trifft ja nicht;
Denn trafe jedwedige Kugel ihren Mann,
Wo kriegten wir Könige Soldaten dann.

Die Musketenkugel macht ein kleines rundes Loch
Die Kanonenkugel macht ein viel grösseres noch,
Die Kugeln sind alle von Eisen und Blei,
Und manche Kugel geht manchem vorbei.

Fredericus Rex, den der Lorbeerkrantz zielt,
Hättest du nur dann und wann das Plündern permittirt,
Fredericus Rex, mein König und Held,
Wir jagten den Teufel für dich aus der Welt.

Next come the Songs of the People. Under this head Mr. Dülcken places the "Volkslieder"—properly so called—and the "Beliebte Lieder." The first of these are songs handed down by tradition, the work of forgotten authors—the others are the

* The Book of German Songs, from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Translated and Edited by H. W. Dülcken. London: Ward and Lock.

productions of well-known persons, which have become general favourites. This division of the book commences with the well-known song of the wandering journeymen, "Es, es, es und es," and includes "Es steht ein Baum in Odenwald," "Freut euch des Lebens," and others—amongst them, three very old *patois* favourites of ours, "S'ist mir alles eins," "Mei Schätzerl is hübsch," and "Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Stätele' naus," which we recommend to the attention of all who do not happen to know them. Only the last is given by Mr. Dülken in the original. The two verses which follow, so beautiful and so characteristic in themselves, will, when compared with their translation, give the reader a fair idea of the amount of Mr. Dülken's success in translating this class of poems:—

Herr Vater, Frau Mutter, dass Gott euch behüt,
Wer weiss wo in der Ferne mein Glück mir noch blüht,
Es giebt so manche Strasse, wo nimmer ich marschirt,
Es giebt so manchen Wein den ich nimmer noch probirt.

O wandern, O wandern, du freie Burschenlust,
Da wehet Gottes Oden so frisch in die Brust:
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt,
"Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite Welt."

My father, my mother, may God guard ye well;
For where my fortunes bloom in the world, who can tell?
There stretches many a highroad where never I did stride,
There grows full many a wine that I never yet have tried.

O wand'ring, O wand'ring, of freeborn life the zest,
Thou send'st the breeze of heaven so freshly to the breast,
That gaily to heaven my heart is singing now—
How beautiful, thou wide world, how beautiful art thou!

The Love Songs are opened by a beautiful old poem of the sixteenth century. This is followed by some of Heine's best pieces, fairly rendered, but still sounding all too harsh and un-Heine-like in their English form. Compare these two:—

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder—
Wie könnt' es anders seyn?
Ich trage in Herzen viel Schlangen
Und dich, Geliebte mein.

Thou sayest my songs are poisoned—
How otherwise might it be?
I carry snakes in my bosom;
I carry, beloved one, thee.

The awkward inversion at the end of the verse is bad enough; but there is a much more serious fault in it. Heine having, after his manner, said the most ill-natured thing in the world, looks into his lady-love's eyes as innocently as if nothing had happened. Mr. Dülken keeps his sting for the end of the line.

We must admit that "Es fällt ein Stern herunter," which is also by Heine, is very prettily translated; and so is Rückert's exquisite "Evening Song;" but we prefer to give Mr. Dülken's version of Uhland's poem "Es zogen drei Burschen," because the original is so well known that it is unnecessary to quote it for purposes of comparison:—

Over the Rhine came gallants three,
And drew the rein at an hostelry.
"Now hast thou good wine,—mine hostess, say;
And where is thy lovely daughter gay?"

"My wine it is bright, and fair to see;
My daughter, alas! in her shroud lies she."

And they entered the chamber with muffled tread,
Where a coffin black was the maiden's bed.

The first he lifted the veil from her face,
And look'd on the maiden with sorrowful gaze.

"O wert thou living, thou beauteous one,
How would I love thee from this day on!"

The second spread o'er her the veil where she lay,
And his tears fell fast as he turn'd him away.

"Ah me! that thou liest thus dead on thy bier!
Have I not loved thee this many a year?"

But the third came forward, and lifted the veil;
And the maiden he kiss'd on her lips so pale.

"In the past, as to-day, I have loved but thee;
And I'll love thee still, through eternity."

We do not think that the selection of Students' and Drinking Songs, which comes next, is at all so good as it might have been. The two best are "Fiducit" and the "König im Thule." The "Rheinweinlied," and the famous old Latin song, "Mihi est propositum," have surely superior claims to several of those which have been inserted. The "Fuchsrith" has been made so generally known by Longfellow's "Hyperion," that it might have been safely omitted; and we cannot think that Mr. Dülken was right in leaving out the very remarkable "Weihe-lied." To be sure, it is long; but an account of the ceremonies connected with it, given in a note, would have carried it off.

Hymns form a very important section of German popular literature. No one can have attended the Lutheran service without observing how large a part of it consists of singing. Before the Reformation, there were, indeed, German religious poems, but few hymns properly so called. Luther and his companions seized with great judgment the weapon which the neglect of their adversaries had left in their power, and turned it to good use. Their nervous compositions spread all over the country like wildfire. The best German hymns belong to the century which followed 1517. When the Lutheran theology crystallized into a mere collection of dogmas, it ceased to bring forth such fruits as "Ein

festе Burg ist unser Gott," and the reaction which followed upon that state of things was not in a hymn-making direction. We quote two verses translated by Mr. Dülken from a poem which he seems to have found in a collection published at Cologne in 1623:—

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
And if a little bird bore forth
One single sand-corn from the earth,
And took in thousand years but one,
Ere thou wert past, the world were gone.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
In thee, if every thousandth year
An eye should drop one little tear,
To hold the water thence would grow
Nor heaven nor earth were wide enow.

The collection ends with a few political and satirical poems. "Kaiser Kläs," a pasquinade against Napoleon, in the *Platt Deutsch* of Hamburg, is curious; and "Urian's Reise," and one or two others, are good specimens of their class. The Appendix contains a sufficiently spirited translation of Schiller's "Diver."

In parting with Mr. Dülken, who has done a useful work very fairly, we have only to beg him, if he publishes another edition, to omit the illustrations, which are tasteless and stupid to the last degree. If he will only remove these monstrosities, he has our best wishes for the success of his book.

NARRATIVE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.*

THE Gunpowder Plot of 1605, like the conspiracy of Catiline, is one of those anomalous crimes which will always arrest attention by the extravagance of their conception and the atrocity of their object. In comparison with these, Caesar's assassination, the Sicilian Vespers, or the attempts of Fialero and the Pazzi may be regarded as ordinary occurrences, since they were prompted by the common motives of disappointed hopes or intolerable wrongs. But to devise the destruction of an entire city under the pretext of vindicating freedom of the Estates, spiritual and temporal, of an entire realm, under the pretext of religion, are objects which stamp even an abortive purpose with all the guilt of an accomplished deed. It is remarkable also that, in both these instances, a degree of uncertainty hangs about the design of the conspirators. Had they set before them any definite issue, or were they simply madmen?

We owe much to Mr. Jardine for his pains in collecting, arranging, and sifting materials calculated to elucidate the causes, circumstances, and consequences of the Powder Plot. To his former investigation of the subject, published many years ago in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, he now adds the results of more matured inquiry, and some new matter. Upon the real aim of the conspirators—if, indeed, they looked beyond the moment of revenge—he has been able to throw no new light. But he has probably exhausted all the documentary evidence of the transaction. How maimed and garbled much of that evidence is, appears from his account of the original depositions. Our forefathers might, in the end, do substantial justice, but the means by which they convicted the guilty were full of hazard to the innocent.

There seems little reason to doubt that the Jesuits Greenway and Garnet were aware of the existence of the Plot, and so far guilty of partnership in it. But there is no proof that they approved of it at any one stage. On the contrary, as it received no countenance from their superiors, it is probable that they dissuaded the conspirators from it, as from an act likely to involve the whole body of English Roman Catholics in irretrievable and universal ruin in case of failure, and certain to render them universally odious in case of success. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, though welcomed at Rome, was viewed with undissembled abhorrence by the majority of European Catholics, and was still fresh in all men's memories. No foreign Power at the time was actually hostile to England—France was friendly, Spain desired to become so, with this country. They urged, indeed, upon the English monarch a relaxation of the penal laws against Catholics; but they wished only for toleration of the ancient faith, and refused to support its professors by force of arms. The throne of France was, in fact, occupied by a philosophic king, who, to ensure peace, had adopted a creed in which he was neither bred nor born, and who can have felt only a political attachment to the doctrines of Rome. The Spanish people had suffered too deeply from their attempts to reinstate those doctrines in England, and were willing to make, and perhaps to keep, peace with the heretics. At home, the Romanists were by no means united; and as it proved, they were generally indisposed to stir against the Government, or to support the fierce enthusiasts who did so. From all these reasons it is probable that even the Jesuit priests regarded the Plot as anything but a good plot, and that they would have been heartily glad if they could have induced Catesby and his confederates to abandon it.

But neither at the moment when passion blinded all men, nor in the ordinary process of justice in that age, was there a chance for escape to persons so marked and so odious as Garnet and his brother Jesuits. The evidence against him as to the Powder Plot, in addition to his own statements—which his tergiversations,

* A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot. By David Jardine, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Murray. 1856.

it must be owned, rendered very damaging to him—consisted, for the most part, of the confessions and declarations of accused persons made before the Commissioners in his absence. Except the two persons who verified the interlocutions with Hall, and who had been concealed near his cell in order that they might criminate him, no single living witness was produced in the course of the long, and, to the criminal, embarrassing proceedings. Not that this course of proceeding was any stretch of law or usage against Garnet particularly. It was the ordinary course of procedure at the time in all prosecutions for offences against the State. Perhaps we have gone to the other extreme, and afford too many chances of escape to notorious guilt. Our ancestors thought and acted differently, and hardly gave a chance to innocence. There is the more need, therefore, for caution and charity in the historian who now reconsiders the verdicts given two centuries ago. Mr. Jardine has stated Garnet's case fully and fairly, and we refer the reader to his pages for a complete analysis of the proceedings against him.

Amid much evidence which would not now be admitted, and which is often contradictory, we obtain two ascertained facts regarding this conspiracy—first, that the Government, long before the formal discovery, was cognizant of the plot; and secondly, that it was the project of a very few persons acting apart from the body of English Roman Catholics, and with no warrant for presuming their concurrence in it. As regards the knowledge possessed by the Government of the Plot generally—and perhaps of its progress and ramifications particularly—it is hardly necessary to assume the fact of an informer among the conspirators, although it seems highly probable that Tresham, out of his desire to save certain members of the Catholic party from destruction, directly or indirectly made some revelations to Cecil. These revelations, however, were rather confirmatory than anticipatory. That wily statesman was most probably on the scent already. The King, indeed, long afterwards spoke of it as "Cecil's Plot." The common story of the letter to Lord Mountague being the original mode of disclosure, is fit only for Pinnock's *Catechism of English History*. It is in itself incredible, and became current only because, in the published version of the story, James was to be flattered with the first detection of the riddle. But even had they failed to remark the intercourse of the conspirators with one another, or their resort to the lonely house in Westminster, Cecil and his police were not such bunglers as to disregard the accounts they received from Flanders of a movement among the Catholics at home, or of Fawkes's tampering with English soldiers and officers in the Archduke's service. The threads, in fact, which Cecil had on this occasion to hold or unravel were not so complicated as those which had been woven at different times around Elizabeth; and Cecil's was not the hand to forget its cunning. So long as the Houses did not assemble, no risk was run. Delay was, therefore, not dangerous to the intended victims of the Plot, though it was fraught with the greatest dangers to its contrivers. The ruin of the scheme was, indeed, mainly owing to the frequent prorogations of Parliament. The sinew of money was beginning to fail the conspirators; and to recruit their purses they were compelled to admit fresh members into their society, and consequently to multiply the chances of detection, since remorse, faint-heartedness, or corruption, on the part of any one novice would prove the ruin of all. Even a cup of wine too much, or a moment of indiscreet confidence, might lead to disclosure. Meanwhile Cecil had ample time to sound every depth of the conspiracy, to ascertain how far it was the act of a few desperate men, or of the general body of recusants, and to include in it, justly or unjustly, all persons whom he feared, or even suspected—persons infinitely more important to have and to hold than Catesby and his crew.

The grounds on which the conspirators might presume upon the concurrence of the English Roman Catholics in their design are easy to discern. The severity of the penal statutes, and the sufferings inflicted by them on many of the noblest and most opulent houses in the realm, were assumed to be sufficient motives for the desire of retributory vengeance. They reasoned wrongly, but their premises were not altogether irrational. Mr. Jardine has properly expatiated upon the vexations and humiliations to which the Catholics were subjected a few months after the commencement of the new reign. A portion of that body had opposed the accession of the first Stuart to the English throne. They apprehended that a prince brought up at the feet of Presbyterian Gamaliels might prove even less inclined to indulge them than Elizabeth had been; for although she had cause for dreading and discouraging men who denied her right to the crown, and who so assiduously plotted against her life, she was known to have small love for the Puritans, who denied her spiritual supremacy. But the majority of the Catholics remembered that James was the son of their martyred Mary. They suspected—what was really the case—that he was heartily weary of the long sermons and dismal visages of the Kirk ministers and elders. They knew that he was a ripe scholar and a good one, a keen controversialist, well versed in Church antiquities, the schoolmen and the fathers; and therefore they hoped to find in him, if not a zealous patron, yet at least an equitable protector. Their delusion was favoured for awhile by the leniency of the Government. The King, though he professed himself unable or afraid to rescind the penal statutes, was content not to enforce them; he invited the leading men of the party to court, pro-

fessing, with his usual king-craft, that he kept them there as "decoy-ducks;" and he showed by his demeanour at the Westminster Conference that he had no favours in store for their foes—the Puritans.

But before six months of James's Government had passed away, all these fond hopes and expectations were dissipated and destroyed. As soon as he felt himself firmly seated on his throne, he began to manifest symptoms of a hostile disposition towards his Roman Catholic subjects. He maintained openly at his table that "the Pope was the true Antichrist;" and he declared in the hearing of many that he "would lose his crown and his life before ever he would alter his religion." His fears and his poverty alike contributed to render him suspicious and unjust. Either they were much maligned, or, in the case of heretic sovereigns, the Catholics had maintained the sacred right of regicide; and a neighbouring country had afforded, not many years before, an example of an anointed king struck by the knife of a fanatical priest. His poverty was even a worse counsellor than his fears. James had brought with him from Scotland a crew of needy followers, whose barren or broken fortunes stood in need of reparation. To these state paupers the lands and goods of wealthy recusants were assigned by name. The chief sufferers from this ignominious bondage were the principal nobility and gentry of the realm; and nothing more excited their indignation than the necessity of compounding with greedy foreigners for the preservation of their estates and the freedom of their persons. Fawkes expressed this feeling during his examination at Whitehall. When questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scotch courtiers, he fiercely told them—then, for the first time, losing his stoical composure—that "one of his objects was to blow them back again into Scotland." The conspirators therefore inferred that the whole Roman Catholic body was ripe for open revolt, though it might shrink from secret conspiracy.

We must now close Mr. Jardine's very interesting volume, only regretting that we cannot accompany him further through the formation of the conspiracy, its discovery, the dreadful spectre-hunt of the conspirators, flying for their lives, and vainly endeavouring to raise in their defence the members of their own communion, and all the appalling circumstances of their trials and execution. The volume, however, is brief in compass, and too interesting in its contents to be laid down easily. It will probably attract readers of very opposite opinions; for every urchin who has seen three Novembers has his impressions of Guy Fawkes, and every old woman who believes in Exeter Hall regards every Roman Catholic as a conspirator. In respect, indeed, of its effects upon the national mind, the Powder Plot was one of the most signal calamities which ever befel this kingdom, since, though abortive in itself, it has been prolific of more than two centuries of intolerance, and the evil spirit which it evoked at the time is far from being at rest even now.

THE FRIEND OF ROBESPIERRE.*

THIS is one of the productions of the *Bibliothèque du Chemin de Fer*—a very praiseworthy series, the conductors of which have, in their selection, so carefully weeded French imaginative literature of its many offences against morality and taste, that they bid fair to rescue it from the ban under which it has been long placed by English moralists, as well as from the degrading popularity which it has in consequence enjoyed among fashionable readers. This tale does not depart from the character of the series, though it is not a work of very brilliant genius. It is light harmless reading, such as you may buy by the yard in *Chambers' Magazine*. It cannot fail in interest, for its incidents are drawn from the French Revolution, which gives interest even to Alison; and it is written with that limpid clearness of style which a Frenchman can no more avoid than a German can acquire. Robespierre is the central figure; and round the description of his slow development from ascetic fervour to the cruelty of a fiend, is woven a tale of somewhat milk-and-water love-making and very substantial terror. Of course the character of Robespierre is overdrawn. The leading Terrorists were such a strange cross between demigod and demon—they seem so preternaturally to have combined perfect unselfishness with unheard-of barbarity—that already, though but at the distance of sixty years, their outlines have begun to grow dim with the mythic haze which gathers round those who have been the objects of any wide-spread intense emotion. And, as if the character of Robespierre were not horrible enough in itself, the author attempts to invest it with a fictitious horror by making him the nephew of the regicide Damien. The tale is slightly constructed, and will not bear a very lengthened abstract.

Antoine, *l'ami de Robespierre*, is a weak and shallow character, who through life is led astray by the mesmerizing influence of his friend's diseased enthusiasm. They first meet at college. There, Robespierre, who has been made to read a martyrology, and has been bitten by its romance, persuades Antoine to join him in a scheme for running away to an Egyptian desert, and setting up as hermits. The scheme is cut short by Robespierre's falling ill; and during his illness he is nursed by an old woman who is a mesmeriser. Her tales of

* Antoine, *l'ami de Robespierre*, (Récits dans la *Tourelle*. Troisième Série). Par X. B. Saintine. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

wonder fasten on his morbid fancy, as the extravagances of the martyrology had done before; and on his recovery he flies to his new superstition with still greater zest, the docile Antoine still following in his steps. This devotion on Antoine's part to his erratic friend is not relished by his mother, and he is withdrawn from college. He does not see Robespierre again for many years, till practice at the French bar leads the latter to Antoine's house at Arras. The French Revolution was by this time drawing rapidly near. The atmosphere was charged with the wild, wordy theories to which the *imprimatur* of Rousseau and the opposition of the profligate priesthood of the day had procured the adhesion of all that was generous and intellectual in France. With these Robespierre, at that time an enthusiast against punishment by death, easily imbued his friend. As events progressed, he betook himself to Paris, where his earnestness obtained that hold over the starving and brutalized masses which he never lost till the day before his death. Antoine soon joined him, attracted by his fame, and hoping to share the golden fruits of the coming Utopia. He brought with him his son Victor—by this time a youth of the falling-in-love age. They settle in Paris, and Victor is articulated to a notary. In his daily journey to and from his office, he of course meets, as all heroes do, a young woman in distress. He rescues her, falls in love with her without delay, and, according to the custom of French novels, seduces her. She is the daughter of an aristocratic house reduced to penury by the Jacquerie which has been devastating the provinces, and she is now living as a sempstress. The author portrays her garret with a minuteness which is an amusing instance of the French love for microscopic description:—

A little room in the roof, whose window opens on the slates, bordered here by a leaden gutter; a straight passage leading to a closet lighted by a skylight casement: so much for the situation. In the room a tiny bed, but covered with the whitest sheets; some chairs, a table, an embroidery loom, a looking-glass, and on the top of it a branch of box: this is the furniture. Against the chimney are hung two pincushions, ornamented with silver loops and tassels, and contrasting by their unexpected richness with the rest of the furniture. . . . Some odd cups, scrupulously clean, two vases of blue glass, with narrow necks and expanding at the top, containing hyacinths, whose white long-fibred roots are branching out to their fullest length; a desk, a candlestick, a glass garnishing the shelf, which in the middle is adorned with a large decanter full of the clearest water: so much for decoration. The closet, almost empty, contains nothing but a cupboard, and some rose pots set on plates, waiting, while sheltered from the weather, for the sun to come and smile on them through the casement. Such is the whole apartment.

In England, we should leave this inventory to the auctioneer. It may serve to fill up space; but it has as much to do with real art as the painful toil of Gerard Dow. Victor, of course, as in duty bound, intends to marry this young lady; but, unluckily, there are difficulties at home. Antoine is one of those commercial fathers, common enough in France and elsewhere, who speculate in paternity, and invest a son in an heiress with as much regard to the feelings of the chattels concerned as if they were advertising agricultural stock in the departmental paper. In addition to this difficulty, Antoine is guilty of a peculiarity which, we trust, is exclusively French. He is jealous of his son's love for his mistress; and his jealousy takes the somewhat extreme form of a denunciation to the Committee of Public Safety. Fouquier Tinville, of course, has no difficulty in proving that the lady is organizing a conspiracy against the Republic; and she is accordingly condemned to death. Victor poisons himself—Antoine is in an agony of remorse—and the curtain falls.

An episode, scarcely connected with the story, and claiming apparently to have an historical foundation, conveys a fearful idea of Robespierre's remorselessness. A family named Saint Amaranthe sought to obtain from the demagogue the pardon of a friend of theirs, who lay in the gripe of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Through the mediation of Antoine, they induced him to come and dine with them. He was in a more genial mood than usual, joined pleasantly in their conversation, promised all they asked, and spoke with abhorrence of the carnage that was going on. Presently, as he was warmed with wine, his heart opened to them still more. He spoke of his future plans—of the necessity of arresting the havoc of the guillotine, after glutting it with one final hecatomb of his own revolutionary colleagues—and then, as the champagne circulated more and more merrily, he dropped the fatal word "Dictatorship." No sooner had it fallen from his lips than he stopped his conversation, checked his host, who was in the act of filling his glass, and after having eyed carefully each one of the company, left the room, complaining that he was unwell. Antoine accompanied him home. They talked for some little time. There was something uncomfortably mysterious in the hints of his all-powerful friend; but Antoine attributed it to the champagne, and left him without any misgiving. As he was going back to his own house, he met a mob surrounding an armed detachment of Fouquier Tinville's myrmidons, in red caps and tricoloured scarfs, who were returning from a domiciliary visit, with their wretched prey in a vehicle. As he passed the window of the carriage, to his horror he thought he recognised the Saint Amaranthes, who had so hospitably entertained him a few hours before. Next morning he learnt that it was too true. The whole family had been arrested over-night. He rushed to Robespierre's lodgings, and begged for an interview. After being detained for more than an hour in the ante-chamber, he obtained admittance. But even then the decemvir would not allow him to speak on business, but kept launching out into strangely irrelevant disquisitions—his eye the while turning constantly to a little clock,

which stood upon the mantelpiece. At last he induced him to listen:—

"Well, speak," said Robespierre, "what can I do for you?"
"Release the family of St. Amaranthe. . . . What they did, they did from their friendship to Verdier, and on the strength of the friendship which they knew you bear to me. It is then our old friendship to which I appeal to-day, Maximilian! as your countryman, your schoolfellow—above all, your friend and your brother—that I call on you to fulfil your promise."
"My promise?"
"Have you not just promised to grant me anything I may ask?"
"Yes. I promise it again, if it be within my power," said Robespierre, with his eye still on the clock.
"Well, then, save them!"
"It is too late," said the murderer; "they are at this moment being guillotined."
And, as he drew a long sigh of relief, the little clock struck two.

"Read this that I have just received from Chaumette," said Maximilian, tossing him an open letter, which ran thus:—
"The St. Amaranthes have just been sentenced to death for conspiring against the indivisibility of the Republic. At two o'clock exactly we shall know if their blood is of the same colour as their name."
"Chaumette again! always with a coarse joke," muttered Robespierre with disgust.

It will be seen that *Antoine* is a fair average specimen of a decorous French novel. It belongs to a class which has always formed the staple of our circulating libraries, but has never been admitted into the ranks of permanent English literature. In France, it absolutely monopolizes the domain of fiction; and its growing popularity on both sides of the water is one of the most telling signs of decaying taste. It depends for its interest, not on well-drawn characters, but on thrilling incidents. It does not hold the mirror up to nature—it merely furnishes an artificial stimulant to jaded feelings. The pleasure it gives is mere excitement. It has no claim to rank as art. A French novel bears about the same relation to *Pride and Prejudice* that Wilkie does to Murillo, or Astley's to Shakespeare. The exquisitely faithful portraiture of character on which Miss Austen and Miss Yonge entirely rely, and which gives so large a portion of their charm to the works of Fielding and of Scott, is absolutely unknown to French fictitious literature. It is even ridiculed by French critics as one of our sombre peculiarities. Doubtless, as in most cases of literary degradation, the readers are more to blame for this than the writers. Patronage has passed from the leisurely few to the toiling mass; and their wearied brains call for coarser flavours and more appetizing stimulants. Hence much both of the absurdity and the immorality by which works of this class in France is disgraced. The demand for novels is insatiable and increasing; for as the world rolls on, there are more and more who have knowledge to read, and fewer who have time to study. To satisfy this craving, the French novelist is limited to startling dramatic situations and alluring appeals to feeling. Confined within such a narrow space, it is hardly to be wondered at if he often makes the situations grotesquely improbable, and the appeals to feeling licentious.

FACT AND FICTION FROM THE UNITED STATES.*

THE most interesting thing that "Fanny Hunter saw in Kansas and Missouri" was, as may be supposed, a remarkably nice young man, who appears to have come, for the purposes of the novelist, all the way from the city of St. Louis to the prairie—"La Belle Prairie"—in order to fall duly in love with the heroine, the said Fanny. The most interesting things she "heard" were two distinct proposals of marriage, to one of which she said "Yes," and to the other "No"—meaning each time exactly what she said, though the richest swain on the prairie, both in respect of cattle and niggers, was he who had to put up with the negative. There is a certain "cousin Julia"—not Fanny's cousin, but her pupil's and particular friend's—who seems brought in only to give trouble and thicken the plot, just as cookery-books bid us "put a spoonful of meal" into broth. We say *only*, although she is paired off at the end with the supernumerary dandy of the story, whom Fanny rejects.

We wish to say all the good we can of what claims to be a lady's first production, and, if our conjecture be not mistaken, that of a young lady. We beg to congratulate her and the "dear father" to whom she dedicates her work, upon its good spirit and general truth to nature—at any rate, to nature as seen from a feminine point of view in New England. The attempt to write a story, especially a first story, to illustrate the fleeting events of a political struggle of the moment, is rather a bold one; but there is no reason in the world, at any rate in the New World, why ladies who write should not make their own literary precedents. That of Mrs. Beecher Stowe leads up to, though it does not meet the point. The latter lady illustrates the running fight which has for years past been going on between the rival interests of Slavery and Abolition, whilst our fair friend of the prairie seizes for her theme, if we may venture on so unladylike an illustration, the last round that has been fought between them in Kansas. As might be expected, both from the nature of the ground and the author's inexperience, we find the footmarks of *Uncle Tom* pretty strong

* *Western Border Life; or, What Fanny Hunter Saw and Heard in Kansas and Missouri.* New York: Derby and Jackson.
Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West, with Col. Fremont's Last Expedition. New York: Derby and Jackson.

in the track along which she takes us; and we fancy also that we catch here and there a light or shadow from Miss Bronte, and, perhaps, some other striking originals. The chief difficulty involved by the nature of the subject is got over by making all the slaveholders brutes, boobies, cowards, and bullies. And this being the prevailing impression in this country, most English readers will be prepared beforehand to relish the story, whilst the sternly impartial few will find that the book, as a whole, has merits which entitle it to success in spite of its party bias. The contrasts of character—as strongly marked as those of complexion—existing between the slave and his master in the southern States, and the close and powerful groupings of opposite elements to be found in the same domestic circle, would probably redeem from lack of interest a worse tale than this, and will probably long continue to furnish a rich soil for the novelists beyond the Atlantic, and for the dramatists south of the Thames. Some of the most effective scenes of the present tale derive their interest from this source, as do also some of its most defective points or overstrained situations. For instance, Martha is a negress who, out of vindictiveness for her young sister's death through overwork, becomes suddenly capable of a double life, working sullenly in her lot by day, and taking to the woods like a savage at night—and all this in order, as it seems, to be charmed back again to human, or negro, nature, under the all-powerful fascination of "Miss Fanny." Whilst doubting how far this is natural, we admit that the character will do even better for the Surrey boards than a less extravagant conception.

A most artlessly successful piece of character-painting is that of Jack Catlett, Esquire, of La Belle Prairie, to whose house the heroine goes as governess, or what we should call so, though perhaps the word jars on the ears of free and enlightened citizens. It exhibits, without an effort at working up a subject, the same man as a not unkind husband or severe master, and more capable of appreciating goodness than his wife, and yet suddenly taking his place in the ranks of a gang of rowdy, whisky-drinking border ruffians, who murder in cold blood a white "squatter," who had the right of a first comer upon his "claim." The said squatter takes certainly great pains to further the course of the story, or rather to start it, by becoming a ready martyr to that right. The squire seizes the claim, and establishes his son and heir upon it; but valuable stock is missing, young crops are pulled up, and the niggers declare the place haunted, which it certainly is—with rifle-bullets. These hostile demonstrations proceed from the ejected party—the widow and son of the murdered man, who, vowing vengeance for his death, are lurking in a hovel in the adjacent thicket, where they burn blazing pine-knots at night, and are, since the story so requires it, of course undiscoverable by any one but the runaway negress, Martha. There these doughty confederates, two women and one boy, concert a plan for burning down the log-houses containing most of the Catlett family—the elder branches having come over, "after harvest," to see how the young squire speeds. Of course Fanny Hunter is the good fairy through whom they escape, merely a little singed. On their way home to the old squire's house, they are stopped by a numerous armed body—in short, the roving camp of slave-holders, who have come, by proclamation and appointment, to root out the free-soilers from Kansas. Pressing the Catletts, father and son, into their service, with an intelligible hint that they are deserting the cause, the slaveholders push on to the scene of action, at Lawrence in that Territory. The crisis when this breeze of civil war is at its height is the eligible opportunity taken by Miss Fanny's young man, a rising barrister, and a certain Judge Stanton, of ripe age and mellow wisdom, his intimate friend, to make a tour of these quiet parts. However, the potent "deity from the machine" so requiring it, there they are; and they are seized and condemned to be hung next morning, the one as avowing Abolition sentiments, the other on bare suspicion of holding them. But Miss Fanny is too many for the ruffians, and by conspiring with another young lady, and that lady's young gentleman, to supply a handsaw to the prisoners and plenty of whisky to the guard, effects their escape. Whisky! After that touching eulogy in a preceding page on our "glorious Maine-law, which is putting a stop to anything of the sort"—it is marvellous how Miss Fanny could resort to such an unhallowed instrumentality, even to save a lover. No wonder she had to run for her life after it, and sank down in a wood for dead—where, "guided by Providence," the faithful negress, Martha, whom every one else supposed to be miles away, found and saved her from being buried by the cock-robins.

The subordinate characters are well sketched in, but are far too numerous, and need another tale, if not two, to develop them. It is a good sign for a beginner to be more rich in material than skilled in working it up. The female parts, of course, predominate, whether black or white skins are assigned to them. It is, in fact, a lady's book throughout; and the grey mare is so consistently the better horse that we are reminded of the man's statue of himself and the lion, and of that noble beast's reply. Miss Hunter herself is not only a young person of superior sentiments, faultlessly expressed—allowing, that is, for an occasional Yankeeism—but is the only person in the story of ready expedient, resolution, and presence of mind. For young, colt-like pupils, she has a fascination of manner and nursery tales. For judge and squire, she has powers of argument which they feel, but do not always acknowledge. They, "though vanquished, argue still," being, alas! but men,

and therefore always obstinate when in the wrong. For niggers she intercedes; and to the unconverted of either sex or colour she preaches. We like her religion, especially as corrective of the emotional negro pietism of Mrs. B. Stowe; and while we fancy we see a leaf of the paternal sermon peeping out here and there, and would recommend that the physic be administered in less heavy doses, we confess it would do no one any harm to think and feel with her. Let the good people in her next story—who, of course, will be of her own sex—act their religion more, and beat the "drum ecclesiastic" less, and we shall expect her circle of readers, especially of the other sex, to widen, and more of them to come and sit under Papa. The male *dramatis personæ*, except the Squire, are little more than outline sketches, feebly done; and Mr. Harry Chester, whenever he is united to Miss Hunter—for the tale leaves them, and several other young couples, still expecting wedded happiness—will surely sink into "the husband of Mrs. Chester," and nothing more. The "poor white folks" certainly want more room for their woes than this tale can find for them. It was quite a mistake to crowd them into it; and we doubt not that "Fanny Hunter married," whenever her experiences are published, will have much to say on the way in which the slave system saps the foundation of social order in an intelligent lower class of free labourers and mechanics.

But, having given the lady precedence, we pass on to a work which has come across the water side by side with "Miss Fanny," as if to illustrate the adage which assigns to fate the palm of paradox over fiction. Mr. S. N. Carvalho was artist to the last expedition of Colonel Fremont to the Far West, and he publishes a book, "dedicated to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont," abridged from, or founded on his journal, and illustrated with a single woodcut from a drawing by some other hand. We could wish he had been less sparing of his own art, for he could not have written a work in which its resources would have been more welcome than in illustration of so much new ground and scenery, whether by maps or sketches. The book, however, though in this point singularly defective, is of high interest—especially as about one-third of it consists of original discourses addressed by Mormon elders to congregations at Utah, and a portion of the narrative is located there. It is a first-rate book for any open lessee who may be on the search for a new and striking *libretto* to make a grand coup. For example, we have the camp of the stern, chivalrous Fremont, and his devoted followers, with the Indian prowlers who waylay and outnumber, but vainly try to outwit, and dare not assault them. Here might be introduced a grand moving panorama of the great Western wild, ending with the city of Utah and the Salt Lake. Next would come a "Grand Ball at Salt Lake City"—the ball-room decorated principally with ladies "all in white muslin, with sashes, some blue and some pink," an "Apostle" and his four wives dancing in the same quadrille, the tallest and handsomest of the band of adventures being the partner of one of them. We need not suggest to what an endless complication of plot such a situation might give rise, and what inexhaustible materials for opera and ballet might there be drawn. Conceive the effect of the Indian war-whoop heard at the wings, as the high priest is "setting" to his fifteenth wife, and the thrilling recitative in which an elder might announce that the "Wakara" had rushed on the supper tables, and were preparing to massacre the hierarchy, and make extra "squaws" of their spiritual spouses. Then might follow a grand flourish of tomahawks, duet of high priest and Wakara chief, distant chorus of real squaws under the mingled influence of jealousy and "fire-water" from the rifled spirit stores on the quays of Salt Lake City, &c., &c. All these interesting points are within the compass of probability, and for some of them we have the word of Mr. Carvalho as fact. The drama might conclude with the succumbing of the Indian chiefs to their violent and unaccustomed attack upon the supper, and with their being "potted" in the empty spirit casks, like Morgiana's forty thieves; and the curtain might fall on a *tableau* of the rescued hierarchy, with the polygamic pontiff encircled by a triple row of wives in the centre, amidst a grand chorus of the words, "And be both Pope and Sultan too!"—words which, more nearly than any other, express the social and ecclesiastical position of "brother Brigham Young."

Mr. Carvalho speaks in mingled and qualified language of the impressions which a three months' residence among the Mormons left upon his mind. Gross ignorance and credulity in their leaders are of course essential qualifications for membership. More than two-thirds of them, as he computes, cannot either read or write:—

Nine-tenths of them are the peasantry of Scotland, England, and Wales, originally brought up with religious feelings at Protestant churches. I observed no Catholic proselytes. They have been induced to emigrate by the offers of the Mormon missionaries to take them, free of expense, to their land flowing with milk and honey, where, they are told, the Protestant religion is inculcated in all its purity, and where a farm and house are bestowed gratuitously upon each family. Seduced by this independence from the state of poverty which surrounds them at home, they take advantage of the opportunity, and are baptized into the faith of the "Latter Day Saints," and it is only after their arrival in the Valley that the spiritual wife system is even mentioned to them. . . . From being tenants-at-will of an imperious and exacting landlord, they suddenly become landholders in their own right—the men living on a free soil, under a free and enlightened government.

Among the discourses which conclude the volume are two from "brother Brigham Young," who confines his eloquence, which is racy, coarse, and of the kind that goes right home, to practical and temporal points—leaving to his spiritual under-

strapp
riage.
ilities
on "th
the sai
that c
shea
follo
man h
of mor
of the
be don
Churc
the Lo
have s
cannot
build
posed
me for
name i
all my
sin to
gentle
the bu
will b
the de
W. W
withou
know
High
Befo
mentio
fulness
Scotch
of Mor
Findin
his wi
thus le
of life
and for
sold o
wilder
as she
sought
living
a mist
insiste
dinn
and fe
voured
"my f
another
house
of her
'Who
cook fi
house
him to
to him
Our
scriptu
under
regard
of a p
divided
exhaus
50,000
remain
elder i
that fo
doctrin
purely
ever to
wildern
vide fo
of rate
volve t
number
country
this do
vast or
fund.
next s
polyga
raw co
labour
excessi
it come
one wif
This
The ch
several

* It is
no super
free whit

strappers the care of such esoteric truths as the "celestial marriage." He speaks out, in very sensible terms, on "Indian hostilities and treachery" in his first discourse; and in the second, on "the use and abuse of blessings." But the blessings of which the saint speaks are those which form the earthly inheritance of that communion—the fatness of the earth, beehives and cornsheaves, dollars and discount. "Waste not, want not," is his text, followed up by much practical application. We are told that a man had been tried before the High Council, "who had plenty of money, and refused to loan it, or use it for the advancement of the cause of truth. What," he indignantly exclaims, "should be done with such a character? Why—cut him off from the church. I would disfellowship a man who received liberally of the Lord, and refused to put it out to usury." We regret to have so little space for specimens of this unadorned oratory, but cannot forbear the following:—"I told you, six years ago, to build a fort that the devil could not get into, unless you were disposed to let him, and that would keep out the Indians. Excuse me for saying 'devil'—I do not often use the old gentleman's name in vain; and if I do, it is always in the pulpit, where I do all my swearing. I make this apology because it is considered sin to say 'devil,' and it grates on refined ears." The "old gentleman's name," however, seems to have a fascination for the brother, for he soon resumes, "And who do you think will be the actors?" (in some anticipated troubles)—"why the devil and his imps." Here an interruption proceeds from W. W. Phelps in the stand—"We could not do very well without a devil?" "No, sir, you are quite aware of that; you know we could not do without him," rejoins the self-ordained High Priest.

Before quitting the subject of the Mormons, we ought to mention a case which, for its picturesque traits of injured faithfulness and forgiving constancy, is perhaps unprecedented. A Scotch baker from Edinburgh was lured by the golden promises of Mormon teachers, and baptized a member of the community. Finding it vain to try to shake the Presbyterian persuasion of his wife, he perfidiously resolved to emigrate without her, and thus left her, provided for, indeed, but unprotected, in the decline of life. She soon received a letter from him, telling of plenty and fortune, and resolved to join her old man beyond seas. She sold off, and at an advanced age crossed the ocean and the wilderness, braving civilized and savage marauders; and at last, as she neared the place, with anxious inquiries after him she sought, she heard that Golightly and his wife were both well, and living very comfortably. "Surely, mon," she exclaimed, "you mak' a mistake; Golightly has naither wife but me." Her informant insisted that he had taken a spiritual wife. "A spiritual wife—I dinna ken the kind." She found, heartbroken, that it was too true, and fell back in her wagon in a swoon. The false one endeavoured to restore and lift her into the house. "Na, na," she cried, "my foot shall never cross the threshold of the house that contains another wife; this wagon shall be my house and my children's house;" "and," adds our author, "she never goes anywhere out of her wagon but into the shop. But the old lady asked me, 'Who do you think he married? Surely nabodie but our auld cook from Edinburgh, a dirty wench that I turned out of my house for impertinence; she followed the old man, and induced him to marry her, telling him that I never intended to come out to him.'" Here, indeed, is a climax beyond all comment!

Our author discusses at length the polygamic principle on scriptural and economic grounds. The texts and arguments under the former head are probably familiar to our readers. As regards the latter, he simply places in tabular form a scheme of a population numbering 100,000—assumed to be equally divided between the sexes—in which 23,000 of the men should exhaust, by different rates of polygamy, the whole moiety of 50,000 women; and he pictures to himself the result as affecting the remaining 27,000 of the male sex. On the other side, a Mormon elder is found in a discourse on "celestial marriage," to affirm that four-fifths of the population of the globe "believe in the doctrine of a plurality of wives." The belief must certainly be purely speculative.* But as regards a community, if Utah is ever to be anything more than a little oasis of people in a vast wilderness of virgin soil, the question must arise how to provide for the widows and orphans, increasing at such an unheard-of rate; for the system of "spiritual wives" appears to involve the prohibition of a widow's remarriage. The average number of widows in proportion to population in our own country was, at the last census, nearly 4 per cent. Suppose this doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, society would become one vast orphan asylum, and the exchequer an enormous widows' fund. Wise in their generation, and looking not even to their next successors, the originators of this system of Mormon polygamy saw that it might just suit the present needs of a raw colony where, as brother Young puts it, "true capital is labour"—and, as he might have added, is the only capital in excessive demand. But the system must be doomed the moment it comes in contact with the superior civilization of that of the one wife.

This book is one, indeed, of varied and unflagging interest. The character of the native Indian is hit off by the author in several telling anecdotes. The perils of the desert are detailed, not

quite with the subdued tone of modesty which is commonly found when British explorers narrate their adventures, but still in no fulsome style, except as regards the chief of the expedition. Fremont himself comes in for an amount of hero-worship which may make him some amends perhaps for his defeat at the Presidential election; and in this and other unconsciously-exhibited traits, the United States' character is disclosed in the narrator. We give one specimen:—"To the minds of some men, excited by starvation and cold, the request of an officer is often misconstrued into a command, and resistance follows as a natural consequence." It is certainly a happy result of purely free institutions that the chief of an expedition is disobeyed, as a matter of course, the moment he becomes peremptory. Imagine the commander of a ship's company of British Arctic volunteers apologizing for the use of the imperative mood!

Besides human character, that of the country, its fauna, flora, and minerals—even the habits of those comrades of human travel, the mule and the horse—are amply illustrated, except as regards his pencil, by our author. The wonderful beaver-dams, the "gunpowder beetle," the "mountains of pure, solid, transparent rock salt," and the "lake of sulphuric acid," with cognate mineral wonders cropping out around it, can only be paralleled by the log of the famous navigator, Sinbad; while the air of veracity and candour which pervades the book forbids our extending the parallel to its authenticity.

MARY STUART.*

MISS STRICKLAND appears before the world as advocate in a cause of undying interest. Like the great majority of the public, and a few historical inquirers, she wishes to reverse the sentence passed upon Mary Queen of Scots by her own age. Her sympathies are with the weak against oppression, with the woman against a jealous rival, and, we think, also with the Roman Catholic against her Protestant enemies. No one can doubt that careful research and generous feeling have a claim to respect, even if they are misapplied; but we may be permitted to question whether Miss Strickland's inquiry will not very much damage the cause she has at heart. Mary Stuart is to us a heroine of romance, seen dimly through the grey mist of centuries. We know her as she is in her portraits, attractive and unreal—an actress whose stage is the world—a perfect mistress of situations, who extricates herself at every turn by a splendid *coup de théâtre*, silencing Knox by the irresistible logic of tears, escaping from a castle in the Highlands, winning even more hearts from her prison than she won on the throne, and dying like a Queen. What more can her admirers claim than this? This is she for whom Babington died on the scaffold, and for whom Don Juan sighed and plotted in the Netherlands. The only history she needs, besides her picture and the bare tale of her sufferings, may be read pleasantly in her sonnets and her letters. In the hands of a careful editor, like Miss Strickland, who rejects and omits, as spurious, all awkward documents, these will plead with irresistible force for their author. But it is a great mistake to analyze the circumstances of such a life in their little details. The mere fact that apology and explanation are so often needed will be sufficient, with common readers, to raise suspicion. A delicate picture is soiled and discoloured if it be cleaned. Miss Strickland has been, unhappily, successful in divesting her style of the great charm it possessed. Instead of a pleasant, lively story, full of graphic touches and little gossiping details, we have merely a tissue of special pleading, recrimination, and excerpts from the labours of former partisans. The three volumes which her work will cover had better have taken the form of an historical novel.

Sometimes it is the manner of narration, and sometimes the method of argument, that is at fault. The description of a beautiful landscape suggests the thought that Mary, when she looked upon it, can hardly have anticipated the treachery which afterwards ruined her. If the agents of Elizabeth at any time favour the cause of the captive Queen, they are acting for their consciences against their orders—if they decide against it, they are working out a shameless conspiracy. Because Elizabeth congratulates Mary on her recovery from illness, she is a fulsome hypocrite, or, at best, influenced by a sense of political expediency. Because Mary writes with decorous tenderness to Norfolk, whom she has scarcely if ever seen, she cannot have written letters of ardent and impure passion to Bothwell. This last species of argument is especially serious when it is applied to the admission of documents. It may be true that the correspondence alluded to is not genuine, though Robertson and Mignet have thought that it is. It may be true that the famous letter to Queen Elizabeth is a posthumous forgery, though Sir Harris Nicolas is inclined to think it authentic. The correspondence with Babington was, perhaps, the amusement of Burghley's leisure hours; and he is scarcely more unlikely as an author than the grim Puritan, Buchanan, upon whom Miss Strickland fathers some ardent love-letters. But Raumer has already pointed out that the improbability of forgery increases with the number of documents questioned. Most improbable of all is it that the English Ministry should have treasured up in their archives the false papers by the side of the true, as if for

* It is remarkable that in the United States, by the last census, there are no superfluous women to spare for their Mormon neighbours, the number of free white males being to that of females nearly as 725 to 694.

* *The Queens of Scotland.* By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VI. Edinburgh Blackwood and Sons.

the purpose that future experts might decide between them, or psychological critics distinguish the style and the sentiment. Yet we waive even this objection, and are content for a moment to suppose that Miss Strickland's arrow has hit a blot every time. Still it is scarcely candid to omit these possible forgeries from the Stuart correspondence, and afterwards to speak of them in the history as certainly false. Robertson draws one of his strongest arguments from Mary's readiness to be reconciled with the rebels, at the moment when she declines to answer their charges, which are such as would make the life of an honest woman insufferable. Miss Strickland lays on Mary's commissioners the whole responsibility of this offer, and possibly they deserve it; but it is a mere subterfuge to say that the Queen courted publicity by suddenly demanding an interview which it was very certain, at that time, would not be granted.

Miss Strickland would have succeeded better if she had studied documents less, and personal character and general history more. There is a mistaken spirit of antiquarian research among many inquirers, which leads them to think that the most righteous cause is that upon which they can bring most quotations to bear. The preambles of statutes, official letters, forgotten pamphlets, and slanderous theology are alike by turns disinterred, that they may live and lie again. History cannot be constructed by such a process. Immeasurably greater weight is due to the judgment which their times passed upon persons of greatest note, who had lived, as it were, in public—a judgment often embarrassed by prejudice and error, but right in the main, and truer, because summed up from a course of conduct, than if it had dissected the individual acts separately. Moreover, the apprehension of a large society is quicker to perceive discrepancies and shades of differences than the eye of any single writer can be. It is not troubled by that logic of sentiment to which all is black, or all white, indifferently. It knows that a man may be kindly and generous, who is yet a knave at bottom, and that publicans and sinners had a keener perception of spiritual truth than the religious public of the synagogue. Tried by the test of practical sense, Mary's character will be found in harmony with the proved actions of her life. The chivalrous blood of the Stuarts had blended with the treacherous current of Guise ancestry in her veins. She was impulsive, and therefore appeared open; but where she desired strongly, she could dissemble, and bide her time. The love of adventure and a quick fancy perverted her energy and betrayed her judgment through masquerades and civil wars, till her flight into England. Her poetical power has seldom had justice done to it. She writes naturally in an age of conceits and metaphors. The same good taste and command of words and thoughts are the great charm of her letters, whether she writes as the royal captive to her little god-daughter, or as the injured Queen to her rival. So long as her passion does not betray her, she is alike touching and dignified. She was sincere in devotional exercises, and strongly attached to her faith. These are reasons—let alone her beauty and the fascination of manner which softened or subdued her enemies—why a certain amount of romance will always cling to her. But they are not proofs that she was not impure, or, on strong temptation, bloodthirsty. She had passed the plastic years of maidenhood under the eye of Catherine de' Medici, at the Court of the Valois—Chastellet died on the scaffold for believing her to be what the nation afterwards called her—and his confession was suppressed. A woman had better die than be the subject of such mistakes; and they followed Mary everywhere. Nor is the charge of assassination incredible merely on account of its gravity. Unhappily for the times, assassination was an expedient currently sanctioned. Calvin prayed that the Lord would take the Duke of Guise if he did not mend his ways, and the Duke of Guise was murdered. The ghostly counsels of Jesuits nerved the arm which was fatal to William the Silent, and deluded the fools who were snared by the police of Walsingham. Mary had suffered from Darnley the last indignities which a woman can endure. Christian charity might have forgiven them, but would scarcely have taught her to caress the man whose mouth was yet foul with insult, and whose hands were reeking with blood. Her patience can only be explained on the supposition that it was assumed. She had as good cause to plot then against her husband as afterwards against Elizabeth. And we will even add that the crime, venial probably in her own eyes, would almost certainly not have excited revolt if she had not been a bigot on the wrong side. She had irritated the sensitive Scotch mind by steadily plotting to bring back Popery. Candlemas and Maundy Thursday are celebrated by very harmless rites, but they had a terrible significance to a generation which had always seen the crucifix go side by side with the sword.

And herein lies the secret of Mary's fate. Elizabeth's Ministers no doubt dreaded her, but it is not necessary to suppose that they forged documents and promoted rebellion, and tried to suborn assassins. Mary was no doubt foolish and vicious; but many sovereigns, more faulty than she, have gone down guilty to the grave, and await judgment under marble. She perished as all must perish who join in the battle against the thought and life of an age. There could be no question of compromise for the great mass of Englishmen. The Anglican divine and the Puritan country gentleman were alike aware that their country and Spain were at battle for life and death. The stealthy janis-

saries of Loyola, and Parma's veteran troops, were working out in the council and the field those visions of empire which Cervantes proclaimed on the stage. A long wail and the steam of blood had gone up from the carnage of St. Bartholomew and the desolated towns of the Netherlands. "How long, O Lord! how long?" was the cry of those who feared that their own turn would come next. It was only a question of time. Orange and Walsingham received every month the sure transcript of those cumbrous documents in which Philip's pedantry delighted to detail his plans of blood. The English mariner, as he coasted along the shores of Spain, could see the black hulls of the galleons which were to ride in the British waters. If that fleet should ever reach its destination while Mary was yet alive, the doubtful loyalty of the Catholics would probably be exchanged for open revolt. Guilty and a captive, she was yet terrible as the only person who could give a constitutional title to a new dynasty in a country where any other was mere waste paper. Deserted by France and oppressed by the English Ministry, she naturally turned toward the only Power which could place her again on the throne. A zealous Catholic, at a time when Catholicism was a Spanish institution, she always prayed with her face towards Madrid. She had the madness to commit to paper the bequest of her royal rights and the British succession to Philip. The people were constantly roused by the report of some attempt upon their Queen's life; and they knew that Mary was the occasion, if not the cause, of them. Country gentlemen began to ask in Parliament, how long the kingdom was to be kept in peril, because their sovereign scrupled to condemn a woman whose head would long before have fallen if it had not worn a crown. The pulpit rang with denunciations of Jezebel and the accursed worshippers of Baal—the press teemed with pamphlets, recommending the short and safe policy of causing one to die for the nation. The Ministry fomented the clamour by rumours adroitly spread of the Queen's death, or of a Spanish descent on the coast. And thus a panic spread over the land; and men were prepared to buy an interval of present security at the price of blood. It was a period like that of the Popish plot, or the persecution of liberals in the war with France; and the issue may serve as a fearful warning to those who foment religious or political bigotry. Mary's death restored to her that fame of innocence which her life had forfeited. Catholics said that she had died for the faith. Generous hearts forgot her faults, and remembered only that she was a woman. The crime which had laid hands upon an anointed Queen seemed to wipe out remembrance of the vulgar dead who had perished on St. Bartholomew's.

The person most guilty of Mary's death was scarcely Queen Elizabeth, who commonly bears the blame. It was not in consequence of her intrigues that Mary took refuge in England. From the moment she came here, the Queen's policy was embarrassed. Scrope and Knollys recommended that she should at once have the option given her to go back into Scotland, or to remain by free choice a captive. Burghley wished that sentence should be passed upon her at once, while the memory of her crimes was fresh. But Elizabeth was the creature of wayward, and often of generous impulses. If she could not spare and restore to the throne, at least she would not strike. She would not give Knox and his fellows a practical triumph over "the monstrous regimen of women." Even the attempts on her life would not much have moved her, if she had been left to herself. She pardoned the man who fired into her barge—she disarmed Essex by declaring a generous trust in him at the moment he rose in arms. Such a woman could have forgiven Mary the baffled conspiracies that amused her solitude. But Elizabeth, like all the Tudors, obtained a credit for independence of character which was only due to her energy in action. Passionately impressionable to the counsels of those about her, she reproduced them in her public acts and policy, as the Church of her formation blended the conflicting faiths of the time. It was because she thus identified herself with the nation that her feudal conceptions of royalty never clashed in earnest with the progressive liberties of England. Almost despotic in authority, she went down to the grave one in heart with a people that was treading onward to the scaffold of Charles Stuart. But it is hopeless to expect consistency in a character which is moulded by the changes that go on around it. Struggling vainly against statecraft and popular clamour, signing and recalling her deed, Elizabeth at last consented in fact—though it is not certain that she consented in form—to the most fatal act of her reign. It was in a similar manner that she gave away Essex's life.

We regret to part from Miss Strickland with almost unmodified censure. We grant her the merit of some research, and of an easy style when she is contented not to argue. We respect her when we differ from her; for a kindly and generous nature has misled her. But her work is not, in any sense, history. Her criticism is constructive, not analytical, and falls to pieces in a moment, if her pre-assumed view of Mary's character is disputed. The relations of French and Spanish policy at the time, and the great questions that were shaking the world, are treated as of less importance than the pictures on a tapestried screen. We can hardly hope that the volume to come will reverse the faults of its predecessors. If Mr. Froude's work ever reaches the reign of Elizabeth—as, for the sake of the public and history, we trust it may—he will find that the field before him is still unoccupied, though certainly not unexplored.

DES
th
dimly
tion of
nothing
exhibi
career-
which
period

It m
questi
cation
with t
after m
and to
necess
makes
large
tale.

do no
deliber
that, i
repulsi
is their
it seem
for the
with a
the se
from t
opinion
and no
favour
of th
Althou
is only
a sudd
hand
about
a sen
science
might,
abyss,
suppli

"He
seem
image
unhol
and w
stretch
scious
live a
before
impos
the ca
Guy d

We
misch
rality-
but al
deline
Persons
repell
Ainsw
them
evil in
can h
be tak
type o
from t
into th
of a
conve
mixed
nothing

And
explai
words
child
in his
dulgee
as his
At ei
his fat
to be
stewar
puttabl
all. M
Fairlie
himself
sisted

• TH
Illustra

THE SPENDTHRIFT.*

DESTITUTE of a page containing one sentence in which there is a glimmer of moral purpose, clearly expressed or dimly suggested—without a single picture in which the delineation of any but the lowest types of character is attempted—with nothing to cast a ray of redeeming sunlight over the dreary exhibition of the most degraded phases of a spendthrift's wild career—such is Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's *réchauffée* of a tale which first made its appearance in the pages of a monthly periodical.

It might have been imagined that the author of the novel in question would have been contented with the results of the publication of his *Jack Sheppard*. It appears, however, as if, elated with the success of his efforts in so worthy a cause, he had, after many years' interval, been tempted to aim at higher game, and to show that, in order to become a good husband, it is almost necessary to have been a *roué* in early life—"a reformed rake makes the best husband," being the moral with which, printed in large letters, he has seen fit to adorn the conclusion of his tale. While summarily condemning this mischievous book, we do not mean to assert that the author was actuated by a deliberate intention to sap the foundations of morality, but that, in holding up the mirror to vice, he does not point out how repulsive are her features, or even attempt to show that the fault is their own when her victims yield to her seductions. In fact, it seems to be his creed that circumstances alone are to be blamed for the sins and follies which men commit—that, given a man with such and such surroundings, the result must always be the same in kind, however it may differ in degree. Judging from the style and tone of this his latest novel, we should be of opinion that Mr. Ainsworth believes evil to be all-powerful, and not good. He seems to think that, unless circumstances are favourable, no existing elements of good in the character are of the slightest avail to save a man from perdition. Although his spendthrift is ultimately rescued from ruin, it is only by means of a miracle being worked in his favour—a sudden check, as it were, administered by Heaven's own hand at the moment when, having lost all his possessions, he is about to commit suicide. There is no gradual awakening to a sense of his vices and follies—no struggle with conscience—no alternate victories and defeats, till right asserts its might, and conquers; but, after sinking to the bottom of the abyss, the enchanter waves his wand, and, *presto!* words of supplication flow spontaneously from the spendthrift's lips. "He did not pray," we are told, "in vain. A gracious dew seemed to descend upon him, and soften his heart. His father's image seemed to rise before him, enjoining him to abandon his unholy purpose; and when it was gone, Clara's image succeeded, and with gentlest looks implored him to renounce it. He stretched out his hands, and cried out with a loud voice, unconscious that his exclamations were heard—'Yes, I will live!—live a new life—and strive to expiate past faults. This I swear before Heaven.'" Of course such sudden conversions are not impossible; but it is very improbable that they would occur in the case of a character so utterly weak and worthless as that of Guy de Monthermer.

We have called the *Spendthrift* a mischievous novel; and mischievous it certainly is, not only on account of its low morality—or, to speak more correctly, its absence of all morality—but also because of the evident gusto the author shows in his delineations of what, by fast young men, is termed "life." Persons of refined taste will doubtless be disgusted and repelled by the grossness of the scenes which abound in Mr. Ainsworth's novel, and the society into which he introduces them; but there are hundreds of young men susceptible of all evil influences, on whose minds and morals such a book as this can have nothing but a pernicious effect. It would, indeed, be taking a very narrow view of life to say that characters of the type of Guy de Monthermer and his associates ought to be tabooed from the pages of a novel; but it entirely depends upon the manner in which the exhibition of them is treated whether their admissibility into the realms of fiction is allowable or otherwise. The career of a spendthrift, rightly placed before us, may be made to convey a high moral lesson, and be productive of almost un-mixed good; but portrayed as Mr. Ainsworth has portrayed it, nothing but un-mixed evil can be the result.

And now as to the plot of this tale. The title sufficiently explains itself, and the contents may be sketched in a few words. Guy de Monthermer, the hero, is the heir and only child of Warwick de Monthermer. His mother dies while he is in his first infancy; and during his boyhood he is much indulged by his father, to whom his likeness to his mother, as well as his generous, confiding nature, has greatly endeared him. At eighteen he is sent to Oxford, and at nineteen he loses his father, who by his will appoints a certain Mr. Felix Fairlie to be his guardian. This Mr. Fairlie has long filled the post of steward to Warwick de Monthermer; and he, among the disreputable persons of the story, is the blackest *bête noir* of them all. No sooner has Warwick de Monthermer died, than all Fairlie's efforts are directed to compass Guy's ruin, and to render himself master of the estates. In this laudable design he is assisted by a set of sharpers, gamblers, and debauchees with

whom Guy had made acquaintance at the University and on the Continent. Fairlie and this gang play into each other's hands, and Guy's utter ruin is consummated within a very short time of his having attained his majority. To weigh against all this vice, we have two or three virtuous personages, and two heroines who are intended to be models of female excellence, but who have unfortunately nothing *vraisemblable* about them. There is also a Mrs. Jenyns, an actress, who plays a prominent part in the tale. As a closing specimen of the refined taste and morality of Mr. Ainsworth's writings we quote the following sketch of "a scene at Newmarket":—

Intoxicated by his passion as with the wine, Guy became every moment more enamoured of the fair actress, and paid her the most devoted attentions. On parting, he proposed a drive to Bury St. Edmunds on the morrow; and Mrs. Jenyns assented at once, without deigning to consult Captain Dashwood as to the arrangement.

As soon as the guests were gone, and they were alone together—for he seemed to consider poor Mrs. Clive as nobody—Dashwood said:—

"I wish you joy of your new bargain, my dear. He is a deuced fine fellow, and enormously rich."

"Why, yes, as you say, Harry, Mr. Monthermer is remarkably handsome—nearly as handsome as you, my pet—and what is still better, he is immensely rich. What a pity it is, Harry, you are so poor!"

"Who has made me poor, Reg?" he asked, bitterly. "I was rich enough before I knew you."

"Well, well, never mind," she replied, with a gay laugh; "you were fated to be ruined by our sex, and I was the instrument appointed. I couldn't help it, and I executed my commission in the pleasantest manner possible. Let me see—we have been just nine months together—nine months—almost an existence, Harry."

"You may pass double the time with Monthermer."

"No I shan't. I shall tire of him in less than a year. I feel I shall. He's handsome, well-bred, good-natured, but somehow not entirely to my taste. I wonder whether I shall ever really love any man?"

"Then you own you never did love me? Nay, you may deal frankly with me now."

"Well, then, frankly, I never did; but don't distress yourself. I loved you as much as I shall ever love Monthermer."

"At all events we part good friends?"

"I shall always be delighted to see you."

So saying, she gracefully extended her hand to him. Dashwood pressed it to his lips, and departed without another word.

We add no comments. Such a scene as this is surely more than enough to justify, in the opinion of even the most tolerant, all we have said in condemnation of both the tone and tendency of Mr. Ainsworth's offensive production.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

WANTED, A FEW COPIES OF No. I. OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW," FOR WHICH ONE SHILLING EACH WILL BE GIVEN, by

HENRY APPELBY, News-Agent, &c., 1, Duke-street, Adelphi.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—

OFFICE—NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS. ESTABLISHED IN 1762. Capital on the 31st December, 1856, £7,000,000 sterling. Income of the Society upwards of £400,000 per annum.

The Equitable is a Mutual Society, and the whole of the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the Assured.

Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on one and the same Life.

A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances.

A short account, explanatory of the advantages and security afforded to Assurers, may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1820.

T. GEORGE BARCLAY, Esq., Chairman.

MARTIN T. SMITH, Esq., M.P., Deputy-Chairman.

One-third of the Premium on Insurances of £500 and upwards, for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards, on the security of Policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

At the fifth appropriation of profits for the five years terminating January 31, 1856, a reversionary bonus was declared of £1 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, and subsisting additions for every premium paid during the five years. This bonus, on policies of the longest duration, exceeds £2 6s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured, and increases a policy of £1000 to £1638.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

BONUS TABLE.

Showing the additions made to Policies of £1000 each.

| Date of Insurance. | Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851. | Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856. | Sum Payable after Death. |
|--------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| 1820 | 233 16 0 | 114 5 0 | 1638 1 0 |
| 1825 | 382 14 0 | 103 14 0 | 1486 8 0 |
| 1830 | 241 12 0 | 93 2 0 | 1334 14 0 |
| 1835 | 185 3 0 | 88 17 0 | 1274 0 0 |
| 1840 | 128 15 0 | 84 13 0 | 1213 8 0 |
| 1845 | 65 15 0 | 79 18 0 | 1145 13 0 |
| 1850 | 10 0 0 | 75 15 0 | 1062 15 0 |
| 1855 | — | 15 0 0 | 1015 0 0 |

And for intermediate years in proportion.

The next appropriation will be made in 1861.

Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

* The *Spendthrift*. A Tale. By William Harrison Ainsworth. With Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne. London: Routledge and Co. 1857.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To secure the advantage of this year's entry, proposals must be lodged at the Head Office, or at any of the Society's Agencies, on or before the 1st March.

Policies effected on or before 1st March, 1857, will receive six years' additions at the Division of Profits at 1st March, 1862.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INSTITUTED 1831.

At the Division of Surplus, at 1st March, 1856, a Policy for £1000, effected at 1st March, 1832, was increased to £1571 18s. 10d., being at the rate of Two and a Quarter per cent. per annum on the Sum Assured. This addition may be converted into a present payment, or applied in reduction of the future premiums.

Profits are divided Triennially, and belong wholly to the Assured.

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| ACCUMULATED FUNDS | £1,000,000 |
| ANNUAL REVENUE | 169,400 |
| EXISTING ASSURANCES | 4,764,949 |

Copies of the Report by the Directors on the Division of Surplus in 1856, and all information, may be had on application at the Head Office, or Agencies.

ROBERT CHRISTIE, Manager.

WILLIAM FINLAY, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

OFFICE IN LONDON—26, FOLLY STREET, E.C.

ARCHD. T. RITCHIE, Agent.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

FOUNDED IN 1833.—INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1847.

PLAN FOR THE CURRENT YEAR, 1857.

First.—Each Subscriber will have a chance of obtaining a Valuable Work of Art, at the Annual General Distribution in July, 1857.

Second.—Each Subscriber will receive a beautifully Illustrated Edition of the Poem, "THE SOLDIER'S RETURN," by the National Poet, ROBERT BURNS. Embellished by Line Engravings after Six Original Compositions executed expressly for the Association by JOHN FARR, R.S.A.

The Engravings will be the same size, and the Work will be brought out in a similar manner, to that of "Tam o' Shanter."

SUBJECTS:

No. 1.—(FRONTISPIECE.) THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"Many a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning."

Engraver,—HENRY LEMON.

No. 2.—THE HERO AND HEROINE.

(Before his Enlistment and Departure for the War.)

"Where Nancy oft I courted,
Where Nancy oft I courted."

Engraver,—LUMB STOCKS, R.A.

No. 3.—HIS RETURN FROM THE WAR.

"At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported."

Engraver,—JAMES STEPHENSON.

No. 4.—HIS RECOGNITION OF HER.

"Who spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling;
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my eye was swelling."

Engraver,—JAMES STEPHENSON.

No. 5.—THE MEETING.

"Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo she, 'A sodger ance I lo'd,
Forget him shall I never."

Engraver,—LUMB STOCKS, R.A.

No. 6.—(FINALE.) HER RECOGNITION OF HIM.

"She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Sae pale as ony lily;
She sank within my arms and cried—
'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'"

Engraver,—HENRY LEMON.

Third.—Each Subscriber who, between the years 1854 and 1858 inclusive, has paid up the amount of Five Subscriptions of One Guinea each, will receive, in addition to the Engraving, Engravings, or Illustrated Works which will be annually issued as usual, an Impression of a magnificent Plate, upwards of 34 by 23 inches in size, now being engraved by W. H. EGGLETON, after the first Great Picture acquired by the Association for the National Gallery—"CHRIST TEACHING HUMILITY." By ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A.

Honorary Secretaries for London:—

William Tweedie, Publisher, 337, Strand.

Charles Robinson, 99, Long Acre.

W. G. Drake, Messrs. Jones, Lloyds, and Co., Old South-street House.

Archibald T. Ritchie, Scottish Equitable Life Office, 26, Poultry.

F. N. Johnston, 8, Fenchurch-street.

John H. Koch, Scottish Amicable Office, Threadneedle-street.

Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

February, 1857.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS IN DRAWING, conducted by the Department of Science and Art, will be held in the month of March at the District Schools of Art at

SPITALFIELDS, Crispin-street.

WESTMINSTER, Mechanics' Institute.

ST. THOMAS'S CHARTERHOUSE, Goswell-street.

FINSBURY, William-street, Wilmington-square.

ROTHERHITHE, Deptford-road.

ST. MARTIN'S, Castle-street, Long-acre.

KENSINGTON, Gore House, Kensington-gore.

LAMBETH, Prince's-road.

HAMPSTEAD, Dispensary Building.

The Examinations will consist of Exercises in Freehand and Model Drawing, Geometry, and Perspective. They are open to Youths, male or female, above fourteen years of age, and Adults wherever taught and of any class of Society. Rewards of Instruments, and Materials for Drawing, will be given to those who attain the given standard of excellence. Persons who wish to be examined, must send in their names and addresses at any of the above-mentioned Schools, on or before the 8th March.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington,
16th February, 1857.

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.

MR. WARREN, of 9, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, continues, with great success, to delineate the Character of Individuals from their Handwriting. All persons desirous of testing his art are invited to forward a specimen of their ordinary writing, together with thirteen postage-stamps, and a mention of their sex and age, to the above address.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c.

Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE. Open daily from 10 to 10 (for gentlemen only), containing 1000 models, illustrating every part of the Human Frame, in Health and Disease, the various Races of Men, etc. Lectures delivered at 12, 2, 4, and 6 past 7, by Dr. SEXTON; and a new one is delivered by Dr. KAHN, at a ½ past 8 p.m. Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, containing Lectures as delivered by Dr. KAHN, gratis.

A COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES on the "Osteology and Palaeontology, or the Framework and Fossils of the class Mammalia," by Professor OWEN, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Departments, British Museum, will be delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, on Thursdays and Fridays at 2 p.m., commencing on the 26th February, 1857. Tickets to be had at the Museum, Jernyn-street. Fee for the Course, 5s. Ladies are Admitted.

RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Director.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE PICTURE GALLERY (containing an Exhibition of Pictures by Living Painters of all the Schools of Europe) IS NOW OPEN. For prices and terms apply to Mr. MOGFORD, at the Gallery.

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—This Day.—PROGRAMME. 1. Symphony No. 8, Beethoven.—2. Part Song, Härtel, The Orpheus Union.—3. Solo, Flute, Mr. Svendsen.—4. Aria, Miss Leffler, Mercadante.—5. Serenade, Hatton.—6. Concert Overture, "Isles of Fingal," Mendelssohn.—7. Glee, Kücken.—8. Solo, Violin, Mr. Watson.—9. Song, Miss Leffler, Wesley.—10. Concert Overture, "Ein Traum der Christnacht," Hiller (first time of performance).—Doors open at Twelve. Music to commence at Half-past Two. Admission 2s. 6d.

In the Press, Foolscape 8vo.

THOUGHTS FOR THE HOLY WEEK FOR YOUNG PERSONS. By the Author of "Amy Herbert."

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Third and Cheaper Edition, 3s.

REVERSES; or, Memoirs of the Fairfax Family.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Sixth Edition, with numerous Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

A FAMILIAR HISTORY OF BIRDS. By E. STANLEY, D.D., Bishop of Norwich.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Octavo, 8s. 6d.

HISTORY OF TRIAL BY JURY. By W. FORSYTH, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Hortensius."

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

This day, Octavo, price 21s. The Second Volume of

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND. The First Volume, 21s.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Foolscape Octavo, 3s. 6d.

GOETHE'S OPINIONS ON THE WORLD, MANKIND, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART. Translated by OTTO WENCKSTERN.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Complete in Two Volumes, £2.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN. With numerous Original Illustrations. By R. B. TODD, M.D., F.R.S., and W. BOWMAN, F.R.S., of King's College, London.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

ANNOTATED EDITION OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

Complete in Eight Volumes, cloth, 20s.

CHAUCER'S POETICAL WORKS, WITH BIOGRAPHY, INTRODUCTION, NOTES, and GLOSSARY. By ROBERT BELL.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

In a few days, the Third and Concluding Part of

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY: Theoretical and Practical. By WILLIAM ALLEN MILLER, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, King's College, London.

PART I, 10s. 6d.; PART II, 16s.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Octavo, with Illustrations, 14s.

ON THE DISEASES OF THE KIDNEY, their Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment; with a Chapter on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Kidney. By GEORGE JOHNSON, M.D. Lond., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to King's College Hospital.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

In a few days, the Third Volume, with Maps, of

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HILPS.

Already published, Vols. I and II, 28s.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Cheaper Edition, with Additions, 5s.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING. By HERBERT MAYO, M.D.

By the same Author,

MANAGEMENT OF THE ORGANS OF DIGESTION IN HEALTH AND IN DISEASE. Second Edition. 6s. 6d.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND ITS FUNCTIONS. 6s. 6d.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

This day, Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d.

THE LITTLE DUKE. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

By the same Author,

THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE. Cheap Edition, 6s.

HEARTSEASE. Cheap Edition, 6s.

THE DAISY CHAIN. Second Edition, Two Vols., 10s. 6d.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD. 6s.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Octavo, Vols. I. and II., 26s.
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By J. ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.
 London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

A STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE MEDICAL CHARITIES OF THE METROPOLIS. Published under the Direction of a COMMITTEE OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY, and forming PART I. of a Work on the BENEFICENT INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.
 London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, 445, West Strand.

Fourth Edition, revised, Two Volumes, 25s.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC. By JOHN STUART MILL.

By the same Author,

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Third Edition.
 2 Vols. 8vo, 30s.

ESSAYS ON SOME UNSETTLED QUESTIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. 6s. 6d.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Just completed, in Three Volumes, Fcap. cloth, 1312 pp., price 15s.

THE ANNALS OF ENGLAND: an Epitome of English History, from cotemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records. With an Appendix containing an Account of Writers on English History; an Index of Statutes; Notes and Illustrations. To which is added a copious Index to the whole work. Illustrated throughout with many woodcuts.
 Oxford, and 377, Strand, London: J. H. and J. PARKER.

THE TOBACCO CONTROVERSY. Is Smoking Injurious? The Pro and Con, Philosophically, Socially, and Medicinally. Reprinted from the Journals of the Day. With Notes, &c. By JAMES GILBERT. Price 3d., postage free, 4d.

This pamphlet contains an immense amount of interesting and important information, highly calculated to deserve the attention of every Briton.

London: JAMES GILBERT, 49, Paternoster-row.

ROUTLEDGE'S SHAKESPEARE, illustrated by JOHN GILBERT and edited by HOWARD STANTON. Parts 1 to 4 now ready. Price One Shilling each.

NOTICE.—"Routledge's Shakespeare has achieved an extraordinary success. Each number that is produced appears better than the preceding one. The Notes by H. Stanton are all that can be wished, while the Illustrations by John Gilbert are the finest that this artist has ever done, and will hand his name down to posterity as the most successful delineator of Shakespearian character. Artist, Editor, Engraver, and Printer seem to have combined to produce an edition of Shakespeare that we feel convinced will be found in the possession of every one who desires a beautiful edition of our great Poet's Works."

London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., 2, Farringdon-street.

On Feb. 29th, No. 1, price One Shilling, with Illustrations,

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA. By WILLIAM RUSSELL (Special Correspondent of the Times). A revised and condensed edition of "The War," with numerous emendations and additions; illustrated with plans and woodcuts. To be completed in 12 Shilling Numbers.

NOTICE BY THE AUTHOR.—My sincere desire has been, and is, to tell the truth, as far as I know it, respecting all I have witnessed. There have been many emendations and versions sent to me of incidents in the war, from various hands—many now cold for ever—of which I shall avail myself; but the matter of the work will be chiefly composed of the facts and materials accumulated in my letters.

London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street.

Now ready, postage free,

A LIST of the PRINCIPAL NEW and CHOICE BOOKS in Circulation at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Also,

A LIST of SURPLUS COPIES of RECENT WORKS withdrawn from Circulation, and offered at greatly Reduced Prices for Cash.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford-street, London; and Cross-street, Manchester.

CHEAP BOOKS.—SECOND-HAND COPIES of each of the following WORKS are now on Sale at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY:—

Macaulay's England, Vols. III. and IV., 21s.—Sydney Smith's Memoirs, 10s. 6d.—Doran's Queens of the House of Hanover, 9s.—Sandwith's Siege of Kars, 3s. 6d.—After Dark, by Wilkie Collins, 7s.—Amberhill, 3s. 6d.—Lowth's Wanderer in Arabia, 5s.—Aspen Court, 7s.—Bazancourt's Crimean War, 12s.—Belcher's Arctic Voyage, 10s. 6d.—Horatio Howard Brenton, 7s.—Lady Blessington's Correspondence, 9s.—Hertha, 3s. 6d.—Chamier's Travels in France, 5s.—Lord Cockburn's Memoirs, 7s.—Cleve Hall, 5s.—Daisy Chain, by the Author of "Heartsease," 5s.—Dorothy, 2s. 6d.—Cole's Generals of the Peninsular War, 6s.—Cross Purposes, by Catherine Sinclair, 6s.—Daisy Burns, 5s.—A Life's Lesson, by Mrs. Gore, 12s.—Fashionable Life, by Mrs. Trollope, 9s.—Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, 3s. 6d.—Rachel Gray, 2s. 6d.—Lake's Captivity in Russia, 4s.—Edgar Barton, 9s.—Knights and their Days, 5s.—Lady Bird, 5s.—Kingston's Wanderings in Canada, 5s.—Lewes's Life of Goethe, 14s.—Lilliesleaf, 6s.—Evelyn Marston, by Mrs. Marsh, 7s.—Napoleon's Correspondence with Joseph, 12s.—The Newcomes, 14s.—Olliphant's Transcaucasian Campaign, 4s.—Porter's Residence in Damascus, 9s.—Madame Pfeiffer's Second Voyage, 5s.—Napoleon at St. Helena, 9s.—The White Chief, 7s. 6d.—Seymour's Russia and the Sea of Azof, 3s.—Oberlin's Scout, 2s.—Stoney's Tasmania, 8s.—Tasso and Leonora, 4s.—Sibert's World, 2s.—Thornbury's Monarchs of the Main, 5s.—Mammon, by Mrs. Gore, 5s.—Veiled Hearts, 5s.—North and South, 7s.—Grace Lee, 5s.—Taylor's Adventures in the Crimea, 5s.—Will's Travels in the High Alps, 5s. 6d.—Wagner's Travels in Persia, 9s.—Whitelock's Sweden, 6s.—Wortabet's Syria, 7s.

And many other Works of the Past and Present Season, a list of which may be obtained on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 511, New Oxford-street, London; and 78, Cross-street, Manchester.

THE SECOND and CONCLUDING VOLUME of MEMOIRS.

By the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, Bart., will be published on the 28th instant.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

SIR WM. NAPIER'S LIFE OF HIS BROTHER, GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, is Now Ready.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE SECOND EDITION of the "QUARTERLY REVIEW,"

No. 201, will be ready Next Week.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE STAFF OFFICER: the Second Edition, with a new Preface of Letters from Head Quarters, is Now Ready.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S AMERICAN ATLAS.

On 1st March, with 27 Plates, carefully coloured, small Folio,

AN ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES, BRITISH AND CENTRAL AMERICA, showing the Area and Population of the Free and Slaveholding States, with Plans of Cities, Seaports, &c. By Prof. ROGERS, of Boston, U.S., and A. K. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E.

* This is the only Collection of Maps of these Countries from documents not yet published in Europe or America.

London: JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street; Edinburgh: W. and A. K. JOHNSTON, Geographers to the Queen.

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH:—

I.
MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE OF CURRER BELL.

In Two Volumes, Post 8vo, with a Portrait,

MEMOIRS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Rath," "North and South."

II.
DISCOVERIES IN KERTCH AND THE CRIMEA.

In one handsome Volume, Imperial Quarto, with numerous Illustrations, including Ten Coloured Fac-similes of Relics of Antique Art.

ANTIQUITIES OF KERTCH, AND RESEARCHES IN THE CIMMERIAN BOSPHORUS. By DUNCAN MCPHERSON, M.D., of the Madras Army, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Member of the Archaeological Institute, Inspector-General of Hospitals to the late Turkish Contingent, and Author of "Two Years in China." Price 30s. to Subscribers only.

* The Price will be raised to Two Guineas on the day of Publication.

III.
MR. RUSKIN ON DRAWING.

In 8vo, with Illustrations,

LETTERS TO BEGINNERS IN ART. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., Author of "Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," &c.
 LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

Just published, in Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d. cloth,

A MANUAL OF RELIGION AND OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, for the Use of Upper Classes in Public Schools, and of Educated Men in general. Translated from the German of KARL GOTTLIEB BRETSCHNEIDER.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

In a few days will be published, price 7s. 6d.

AUSTRALIAN ESSAYS on Subjects Political, Moral, and Religious. By JAMES NORTON, Esq., Sen., of Elswick, in the County of Cumberland, New South Wales, Member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

NEW WORK BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, C.B.

On Friday next will be published, in Post 8vo, with Chart and Illustrations, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

QUEDAH; or Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters. By Captain SHERARD OSBORN, R.N., C.B., Author of "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal," and of the "Narrative of the North-West Passage."

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

PEEL'S ACT OF 1844.

Just published, in 8vo, price 8s. 6d. cloth,

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICAL OPERATION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ACT OF 1844 EXPLAINED AND DEFENDED. Second Edition, with additional Chapters on Money, the Gold Discoveries, and International Exchange; and a Critical Examination of the Chapter on the Regulation of Convertible Paper Currency, in Mr. J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy." By R. TORRENS, Esq., F.R.S.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

Just published, in Crown 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

EVENING RECREATIONS; or, Samples from the Lecture-Room. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HAMFREN GURNEY, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone.

LIST OF LECTURES.

English Descriptive Poetry By the Rev. H. Alford.
 Recollections of St. Petersburg " the Rev. C. M. Birrell.
 Sir Thomas More " C. Burton, Esq.
 The Fall of Mexico " the Rev. J. H. Gurney.
 The Starry Heavens " the Rev. Brownlow Maitland.
 The House of Commons; its Struggles and Triumphs " G. K. Rickards, Esq.
 John Bunyan " the Rev. E. J. Rose.
 The Reformation " the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

"Mr. Gurney, of St. Marylebone, has in his 'Evening Recreations' printed a series of Evenings at Home, which we think a model of what popular lectures ought to be."—*Saturday Review*.

By the Rev. J. H. GURNEY, lately published, in Fcap. 8vo, price 6s.

ST. LOUIS AND HENRI IV.: being a Second Series of Historical Sketches.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

HUNT ON STAMMERING.

Just published, Second Edition, price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 10d.

A TREATISE ON THE CURE OF STAMMERING, &c. By JAMES HUNT, Ph.D., M.R.S.L., &c.

"Unquestionably the most popular treatise ever given to the world. It explains a beautiful and humane system, and in doing so indicates rapidly and succinctly the character, and, be it said, also the cruelty and inadequacy of the various systems hitherto in vogue for the cure of impediments of speech. This volume is a really admirable treatise, and no less admirable biography."—*Sun*, Dec. 6, 1856.

London: LONGMAN and Co.; by post from the Author's residence, 8, New Burlington-street, W.

In the press, by the same Author,

A MANUAL OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOICE AND SPEECH. Price 7s. 6d.

New and cheaper Edition, Post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THOUGHTS ON SELF-CULTURE: addressed to Women. By MARIA GREY and her sister EMILY SHIRREFF.

"It is worthy to become a standard work, and to claim a place on the same shelf with Foster, Arnold, Whately, Sedgwick, and others who have done so much in modern times for the improvement of the mind."—*Church of England Review*, Nov. 1856.

JOHN PETERHAM, 94, High Holborn.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS BY MR. BIRCH.

This day is published, Crown 8vo, handsome cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THE EGYPTIANS IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS.

Being a Companion to the Crystal Palace Egyptian Collections. By Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON. To which is added, AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS. By SAMUEL BIRCH.

Published for the Crystal Palace Company by BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPONGE'S TOUR."

On the 28th of February will be published, price 1s., No. 1. of

"ASK MAMMA;" OR, THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND. By the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," "Hawback Grange," &c. To be completed in Thirteen Monthly Parts, with Illustrations on Steel and Wood by JOHN LEACH.

BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCL., is published THIS DAY.

- CONTENTS:
- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Northamptonshire. | VI. Rats. |
| II. Heuer and his Successors in Epic Poetry. | VII. Memoirs of General Sir Charles Napier. |
| III. The Salmon. | VIII. Our Political Prospect—Domestic, Foreign, and Financial. |
| IV. Ferns and their Portraits. | |
| V. Lord Raglan. | |

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

In course of publication, price 5s. each, a Series of
PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF LIVING CELEBRITIES.
 By MAULL and POLYBLANK. With appropriate Biographical Notices.

The FEBRUARY Number contains:—The Right Hon. LORD CAMPBELL.

Already published:—

- | |
|---|
| No. 1, containing PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S., &c. |
| No. 2, " The Right Hon. T. B. MACAULAY. |
| No. 3, " ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., &c. |
| No. 4, " J. A. ROEBUCK, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., &c. |
| No. 5, " Sir B. C. BRIDIE, Bart., D.C.L., V.P.R.S., &c. |
| No. 6, " E. H. BAILY, Esq., R.A. |
| No. 7, " SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., Q.C., M.P. |
| No. 8, " PROFESSOR GRAHAM, M.A., F.R.S. |
| No. 9, " E. M. WARD, Esq., R.A. |

MAULL and POLYBLANK, 55, Gracechurch-street; DAVID BOGUE, 86, Fleet-street; and all Book and Print-sellers.

Just ready, price One Shilling,

THE NEW PALACES OF ADMINISTRATION. By a CAMBRIDGE MAN.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.; London: BELL and DALDY, 186, Fleet-street.

This day is published, Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s. 6d.

A LONG VACATION RAMBLE in NORWAY and SWEDEN. By X and Y (Two unknown quantities).

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

This day, in Three volumes, Crown 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.

TWO YEARS AGO. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.S.A. F.L.S., &c. Author of "Westward Ho!" &c.

Latest published, by the same Author,

THE HEROES: Greek Fairy Tales. 7s. 6d.

GLAUCUS; or, Wonders of the Shore. Third Edition. 3s. 6d.

WESTWARD HO! 3 vols. Second Edition. £1 11s. 6d.

ALEXANDRIA and HER SCHOOLS. 5s.

PHAETHON; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers. Second Edition. 2s.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

Third Thousand, in a volume of 800 pages, with a Portrait of the Author from a Painting by T. J. GULLICK, price 14s.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON: Exhibiting the most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; with nearly Fifty Years' Personal Recollections. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

"Lengthened examination of this book, so far from lessening the good opinion we first formed of it, has shown us even more forcibly the value of the immense amount of information concerning the metropolis—its buildings, antiquities, customs, and past inhabitants, which it contains. It is put together in an agreeable as well as a scholarly manner, and forms a volume of never-ending interest."—*Builder* (second notice).

DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

THE WATER CURE. By WILLIAM MACLEOD, M.D., F.R.C.P.

"I look upon the water cure in chronic diseases as of all branches of medical treatment by far the most important."

Price 2s. post free, of Mr. TAYLOR, Ben Rhydding, near Otley.

Just published, 8vo, price 1s.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE TREATMENT AND DISPOSAL OF CRIMINALS. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P., Home Secretary, &c. By Sir THOMAS TANCRED, Bart., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

London: T. HATCHARD, 187, Piccadilly.

This day, price Threepence,

THE EUPHRATES ROUTE TO INDIA: An Examination of the Memoir published by Mr. W. P. Andrew, F.R.G.S. By Two TRAVELLERS.

Railway Times Office, 123, Fleet-street.

NEW WORK ON ITALY.

In One Volume, Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

GOING ABROAD; or, Glimpes of Art and Character in France and Italy. By NONA BELLAIRS.

* * A Second Edition will be ready next week.

CHARLES J. SKERT, 10, King William-street, Charing-cross.

CURRENCY PRINCIPLES versus BANKING PRINCIPLES.

Price Two Shillings,

CURRENCY PRINCIPLES versus BANKING PRINCIPLES; being Strictures on Mr. Tooke's Pamphlet on the Bank Charter Act of 1844. By A. JOHNSON, Bullion Office, Bank of England.

RICHARDSON BROTHERS, 23, Cornhill.

Now ready, in 1 Vol. 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PRIZE ESSAY.

CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY: an Exposition of the Arguments on both Sides, arranged according to a plan by GEORGE BAILLIE, Esq. By S. S. HENWELL.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

Just published, price 1s.; free by Post, 1s. 2d.

THE GATES OF THE EAST. Ten Chapters on the Isthmus of Suez Canal. By CHARLES LAMB KENNEY, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

"This is a subject of paramount importance to all engaged in trade and manufacture."—*Glasgow Examiner*.

"We can only refer to Mr. Kenney's forcible and lucid chapters as a valuable contribution to a right understanding of this question."—*Glasgow Commonwealth*.

"We are indebted to Mr. Kenney for much fresh and valuable information, and we can only say that if any rational doubts exist, either as to the feasibility or desirableness of the undertaking, his pamphlet is well calculated to remove them. * * * Is it wise, on the part of the British Government, to take up an invidious position, and deliberately to obstruct the growing commerce of the East, without assigning a single valid reason for so doing?"—*Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*.

"A topic more interesting than that which is discussed in these pages can scarcely be suggested to any who are concerned in our commercial prosperity. * * * We know not what valid plea can be found for an obstructive policy so opposite in its character to that which might be anticipated under the circumstances of our commercial position."—*Liverpool Courier*.

WARD and LOCK, 158, Fleet-street.

MR. BENTLEY'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

NOW READY,

SENT POST FREE, ON RECEIPT OF POST-OFFICE ORDER, TO ALL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM.

I.
HISTORICAL AND MILITARY ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF KARS. By Colonel ATWELL LAKE, C.B. 8vo, with illustration and Map. [Just ready.]

II.
FROM BOMBAY TO BUSHIRE, with a Sketch of the Present State of Persia, and Notes on the Persian War. By WILLIAM ARNOLD SHEPHERD. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. [Just ready.]

III.
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Christie Johnstone" and "Peg Woffington." Cheap Edition, price 5s.
 "The most extraordinary success since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The success of this Five Shilling Edition is enormous."—*Thacker's Overland Mail*.

IV.
THE ADDRESS OF M. GUIZOT ON THE ADMISSION OF M. BIOT TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY. 8vo. [Just ready.]

V.
THE FIRST NAVAL CAMPAIGN IN THE BALTIC. From Authentic Documents. To which is appended an Account of Sir Charles Napier's Recent Visit to Russia. By G. BUTLER EARP, formerly Member of the Legislative Assembly of New Zealand. 8vo, 16s.
 "In reality written by Sir Charles Napier himself."—*Morning Star*.

VI.
THE NEW EDITION OF HORACE WALPOLE'S ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. With nearly 200 New Letters, the whole now first chronologically arranged, and a copious Index added. Vol. I. (complete in eight.) 8vo, with Portraits, 10s. 6d.
 "A great book to the whole of the reading public."—*Quarterly Review*.

VII.
TOBACCO-PHOBIA. TOBACCO: ITS HISTORY, CULTIVATION, MANUFACTURE, AND ADULTERATIONS. Its use considered with reference to its influence on the Human Constitution. By ANDREW STEINMETZ, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Small 8vo, 1s. 6d.

VIII.
HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN: Containing a History of our Relations with the Persian Court—of the Progress of Russia in the East—the First Siege of Herat—the Origin of the Afghan War—and the March of the British Army to Cabul. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. Vol. I. (complete in Three), Crown 8vo, 5s.
 "This vivid narrative is written with scrupulous and unflinching fidelity."—*Quarterly Review*.

IX.
PEG WOFFINGTON. By CHARLES READE, Author of "It is Never too Late to Mend." New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Just ready.]

X.
NATURAL RELIGION. By M. JULES SIMON. Translated by J. W. COLE. Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. B. MARSH, A.M., Author of "The Early and Later Puritans." Post 8vo, 6s.
 "M. Jules Simon, one of the greatest of French philosophers, has been rightly called the French Paley."

XI.
MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS. By Dr. DORRIS. Author of "Lives of the Queens of England." 2 Vols. Post 8vo, with illustrations, 21s.
 "It is a very charming book, and is sure of a very brilliant career."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

XII.
LUCY AYLMER. By the Author of "The Curate of Overton." 3 Vols.
 "Considerable artistic skill is exhibited in the personages represented."—*Liverpool Gazette*.

XIII.
MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL. By M. GUIZOT, Author of the "History of Oliver Cromwell." 8vo, 14s.
 "The most impartial estimate of Sir Robert Peel we have seen."—*Athenaeum*.

XIV.
LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL, Author of "The Life of Dr. Johnson." 8vo, 14s.
 "It is rarely we come across a volume with so much to amuse us and make us laugh."—*Saturday Review*.

XV.
WANDERINGS AMONG THE HIGH ALPS. By ALFRED WILLS, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
 "A most interesting book, told in a style which makes the blood tingle in the limbs of the quietest Alpine pedestrian."—*Edinburgh Review*.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
 PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

London: Printed by THOMAS CHURCHILL SAVILL and JAMES ALLEN EDWARDS, at their Office 4, Chandos-street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by JOHN WILLIAM PARKER and Son, at 415, West Strand, in the same County, February 21, 1857.